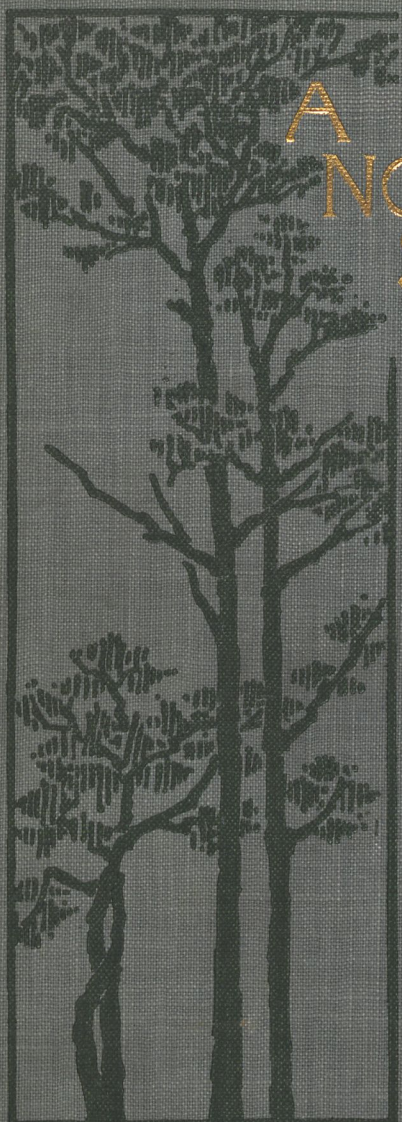
A NORWAY SUMMER

BY LAURA D. NICHOLS

ROBERTS BROTHERS BOSTON



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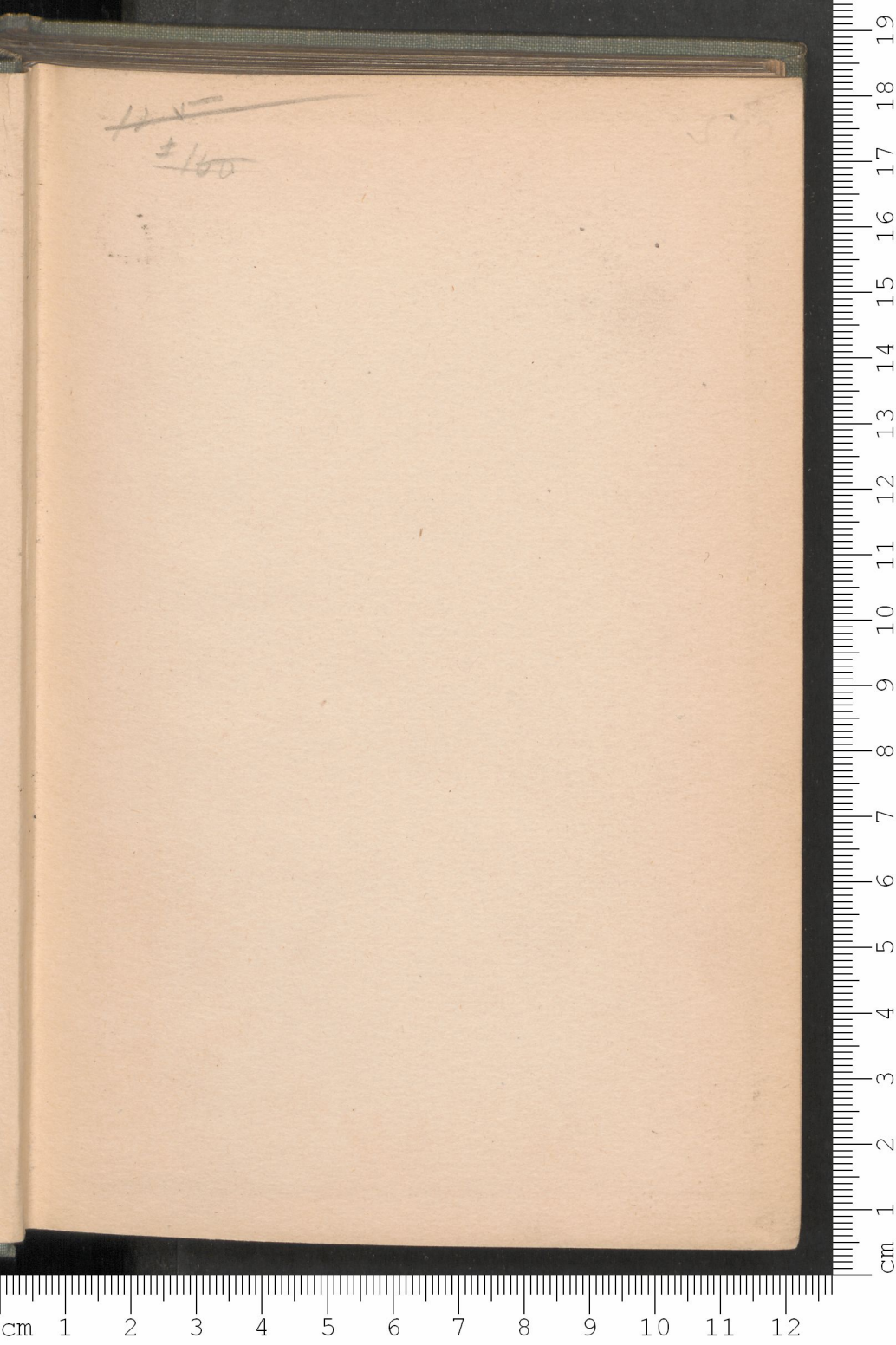

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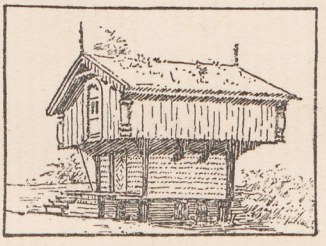
BY

LAURA D. NICHOLS

AUTHOR OF "UNDERFOOT," ETC.



BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1897

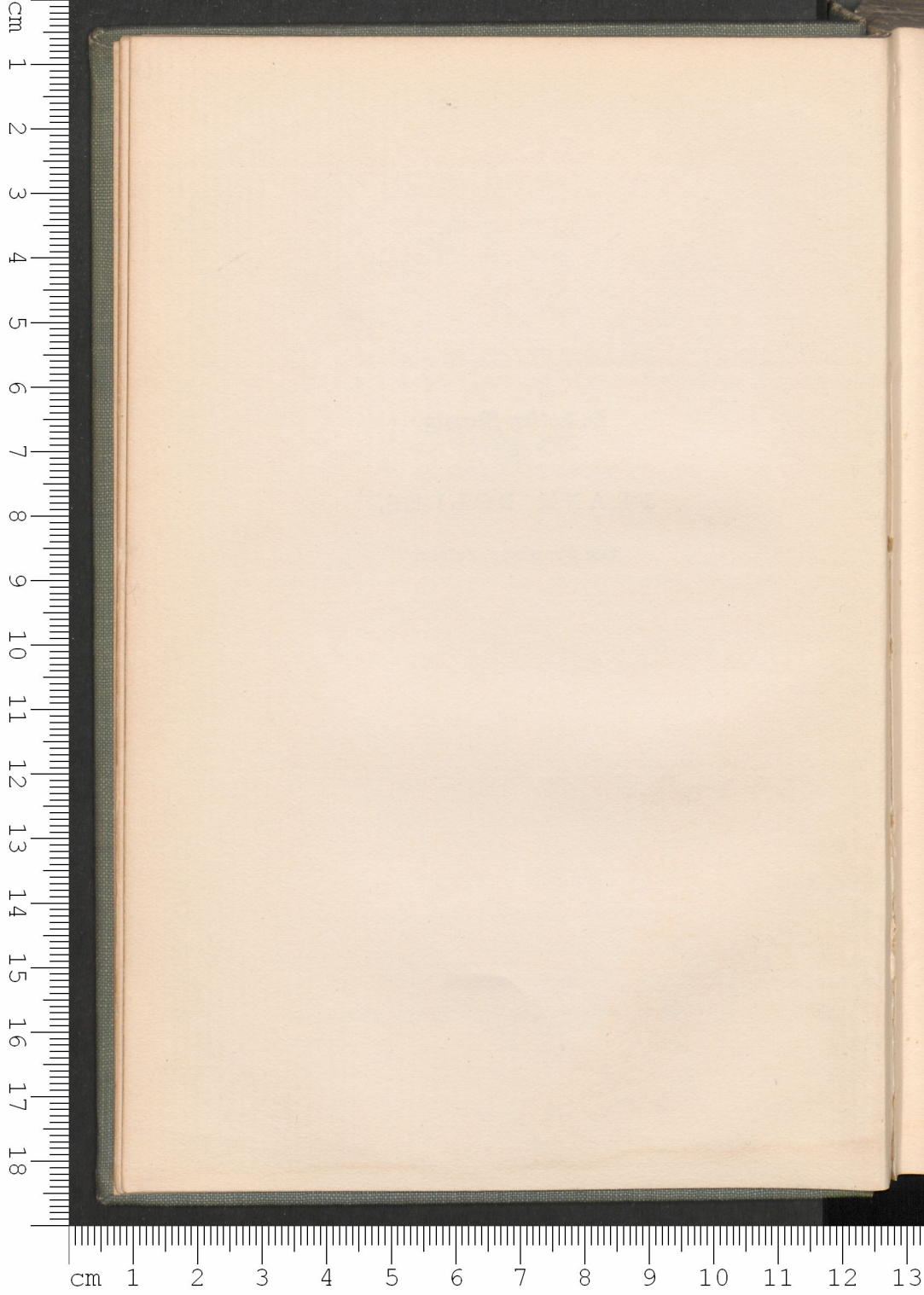
University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

In Loving Memory

OF

FRANK BOLLES,

THE STUDENTS' FRIEND.



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A NORWAY SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

NORTHWARD HO!

"WHAT do you think about it, Henry?" said Mrs. Marlow, laying down a letter which she had read twice to herself and once aloud.

She took up her needle-work as she spoke, and gave a soft little sigh, quickly checked; but he heard it, and said to himself, "Dear mother, it hurts; but she will say 'yes' all the same." He was a picture of indolent comfort, stretched his full six feet of length on her sofa, one arm thrown over his shaggy brown head, while in the hollow of the other elbow nestled a little chinchilla-colored kitten, sleeping profoundly after a long frolic with the blue silken tassels of his dressing-gown.

"Think?" he lazily answered. "Oh, I think one may as well have no sister, as have one so popular as our Ellen."

Judging from his sleepy eyes, his idleness at

ten o'clock in the morning, his quiet voice and white hands, you would naturally condemn him as a sybarite, and you would have been entirely wrong. Henry Marlow was a hard-working young physician, already high in the esteem of his elders in the profession, and of whom they prophesied certain and honorable success. He had been up all night fighting against membranous croup for the life of a poor woman's child, and, his victory won, was allowing himself one hour of rest, after bath and breakfast, before taking up the day's round.

"Of course it will be a great pleasure and advantage to her," he added; "and there's no doubt that she deserves it—"

"No indeed!" interpolated his mother, fervently.

"Or that the Harley girls deserve and need her—"

"N-no."

"And, in short, mother, if you can bear to part with her, I'll give her my blessing and any needful—" She thought that the last word was "shekels," and, looking up to make sure, saw that Henry was as soundly asleep as the kitten.

This made her wipe her eyes and murmur something about "best a mother ever had," and then she read the letter again.

It was an invitation for her only daughter to spend the coming summer in Norway with two girls who were going to visit an older sister who had married there.

Ellen Marlow had the gift of making friends wherever she went.

She was not a beauty; those who loved her best never went beyond calling her pretty, or sweet-looking, but her face rested and cheered all who looked upon it. She was neither intellectual nor witty, but had stood well in her classes, and had a happy faculty of appreciating the wit and wisdom of others. She was not especially accomplished, though she sketched a little from nature, and could sing in a chorus, or if she had a child in her arms; but, as the servants said, "she had a way with her," and from her babyhood had diffused sunshine wherever she went.

Her guardian, Professor Willoughby, said, "It was her power of sympathy;" his wife, Ellen's cousin Miranda, thought it was her unselfishness; her mother ascribed it to her power of loving; while Henry declared that "Ellen was so fond of lending a hand, that if she came upon a housebreaker, her first impulse would be to hold the ladder for fear he would fall."

She had made friends of the Harley girls a few years before, at the Adirondacks, when they were staying there for the health of their brother Hugh, and Ellen was travelling with the Carruths. The friendship had been kept up by correspondence, and renewed in a New Hampshire excursion they made together, just before Hugh and his sisters went to Madeira. The brave, gentle fellow had died there; and the girls had but recently returned, lonely and bewildered by the loss of the joy and care of many years.

The letter was from Annie, the elder, and though Mrs. Marlow had never seen her, she was won by the love for Ellen, and the consideration for herself, which was evident throughout.

"The more we want her with us, the more we feel how much we are asking of you; but sister Eleanor begs us to bring a friend to be her guest with us, as dear Hugh would have been, so she will have no expenses except the voyage, and such excursions from Christiania as you may approve."

"It is a great deal of hospitality to accept from a family I have never seen," said Mrs. Marlow, later, to her niece, Mrs. Willoughby. "So it is," answered Miranda; "and yet I am sure that they feel that the obligation will be on their side.

Don't you see that if those two sisters make the voyage by themselves, they will think and talk of poor Hugh all the time; whereas, if Ellen is with them, they will make an effort to be cheerful for her sake; and the same when they get to Norway. Depend upon it, they will go about and see and do and enjoy ten times as much, if she is there to give them a motive; and this sister of theirs is wise enough to know it."

"I believe you are right," responded the mother; "and here the dear child comes."

We need not dwell on Ellen's astonishment when she heard the news, or on her half-remorseful joy when she found that she was really going. Her mother and Mrs. Willoughby were too busy getting her ready, to think how they should miss her; but the three families with which they were intimate — the next neighbor Rays, the Boston Carruths, and old Dr. Bonney and his wife — were loud in their lamentations as well as congratulations.

It was on the deck of the "Albatross" that Mrs. Marlow first met the Harleys, and was instantly confirmed in all the pleasant impressions she had received from their letters. Annie was tall and slight, with dark eyes and hair, and a peculiarly sweet voice, while plump little Margaret was equally winning in her own way.

Ellen felt it a great compliment that old Dr. Bonney was there too, though he was characteristically growling at "the folly of letting those children rush off to the North Pole by themselves," and at the same time slipping a roll of gold pieces into her hand.

Jessie Carruth was the only one who really cried; though Mrs. Marlow did n't trust herself to talk much, and Ellen's voice was decidedly tremulous; but Jessie always did exactly what she felt like doing, and did not hesitate to tell her friend, between her hugs and tears, that she considered it "quite mean of the Harley girls to snap you up, just when I 've come home from Europe and wanted you for myself."

Her brother Sidney may have felt the same, but he did not express it, though he was so silent and grave that Ellen wondered if he thought her wrong in leaving her mother; and instead of walking out to Cambridge with Henry, as the latter proposed, he chose to go home with his sister, much to her discomfort, for he was cross all the way, and took her severely to task for "sniffing and sobbing like a baby, when you must have seen that Ellen cares twice as much for those other people as for you."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TIDINGS.

ELLEN'S serene presence was sadly missed by her family until her first letter came, but that seemed to span the distance between them with a bridge of love over which their imaginations flitted easily and incessantly. It was only a scrawly, scrappy journal of the voyage, but as original and precious to her mother as if no one had ever before crossed the sea.

May 2, 188—.

DEAR MOTHER,— I suppose you think we are all in the miseries of sea-sickness; but we have been quite comfortable so far. We did n't sleep much the first night, and got up before six, and stayed on deck all day. The sea was glorious, with white caps away out to the horizon, and land only a deep-blue cloud behind us.

To-day is so cold we are below. Margaret took out her cards to play solitaire, and was horrified when we told her it was Sunday.

3d day out.

We had a delightful surprise this morning when the captain produced the letters and books you had told

him to keep till now. How lovely of you to think of it! I read your letter over and over, and Annie has been deep in "Emma," ever since. We begged for more; but he said the post-office had been robbed and there was no more mail.

May 5th.

Rolling too much to write.

May 6th.

Day before yesterday we saw six icebergs; and just as I was getting into my berth at night, a crashing, grinding sound was heard, and the steamer stopped, went on slowly, stopped again, and started again. We went up and saw ice, ice, in every direction, with lines of black water between the blocks, but no bergs, so we went below again, but not to bed. We read and talked till some one said there was a big berg ahead; and we hurried up, and there it was! A snow mountain! It seemed close to us, but must have been farther than we thought. We retreated to the chart-room. The steamer was slowly backing; a few moments of suspense, and then the captain came in and quietly poured a cup of coffee for himself saying: "We 've got rid of that fellow." So we went to bed and slept till breakfast-time undisturbed.

May 9th, not a cloud.

We lay mummy-like in our deck chairs all day. A glorious sunset and many wheeling flocks of gulls; some so near that we could see their yellow beaks, black bead-like eyes, and little feet tucked up under their tails.

We were signalled off Fastnet Light this morning; and when we went on deck could see shadowy outlines of Irish mountains, and have been near enough the coast all day to see now and then a ruined tower and the beauty of green grass. I tried to make a sketch in water-color, but was driven below by a sudden shower. Ever so many little fishing-boats are dashing around, the sails often burnt sienna color.

LIVERPOOL, May 13, 188—.

We are safely here. Annie's cousin, Mr. Brooks, met us and brought us to these lodgings in his carriage. The landlady's name is Whittington. We have a parlor and two bed-rooms for two and a half guineas a week. A nice little supper by ourselves of chops and toast, and then a walk. We are to stay here a week, and make excursions, and then Mr. Brooks will go with us to Hull, and see us off for Norway. Annie needs the rest before another voyage.

Mrs. Brooks will call on us to-morrow, and then we are to dine there, half an hour's ride out on the Mersey road.

Two delightful days followed for our girls. It was a joy to be on land once more, with green fields and flowery hedgerows at hand. They astonished their landlady by breakfasting at eight, and prowling among the shops before other lodgers were astir. Everything entertained them,—queer faces, odd costumes, clumsy carts, hansoms

of brilliant colors; but the visit to Mrs. Brooks was best of all.

She proved to be a very agreeable companion. The weather was delightful; they saw primroses and broom beside the track, and pink-edged daisies in the fields.

Tea was served under apple-trees in full bloom; hawthorn was in bud, forget-me-nots and wall-flowers (bright yellow and rich dark red) in beds near by.

They played tennis on a wonderfully smooth lawn, and walked after dinner in a birch grove near the river, beyond which faint outlines of Welsh hills were seen.

One day was spent in Chester, of which Nelly's note-book only said, "Quaint and interesting beyond words." In a letter to Jessie she wrote:

"You would revel in your favorite color here. The gardens glow with laburnum, yellow pansies, and wall-flowers; the fields with gorse, buttercups, and dandelions. I thought of Harry when we had stewed rhubarb, very sweet and served with whipped cream, called Devonshire cream. That was at Mrs. Brooks's. Mrs. Whittington seldom gets beyond bacon, eggs, and chops, so we have bought a four-penny tin of Yarmouth bloater, and a Turkish jam of figs and honey,

for a shilling, to add to our bread and butter at tea."

Another day or two were spent at York, with the hasty record, "Cathedral, window of five sisters, see Nicholas Nickleby, chapter VI., ruins of St. Mary's; boat-ride on the Ouse;" but a pretty water-color sketch of quaint red-tiled roofed houses, built on the old wall, went with the letter.

From York, they went by train to Hull, and drove at once to the dock, engaged passage for Norway, and then rambled about the town, visiting an old church and then the birthplace of Wilberforce. This was a quaint, prim, two-story house, behind a high prison-like wall, with an enormous gateway, its posts topped with huge stone balls.

"No wonder he prized liberty, if he lived long in that jail of a place," whispered Margaret, and gladly turned to a still queerer house opposite, with overhanging upper stories, where William Penn stayed several weeks before he sailed for America. In another part of the town they were amused by the name of a street, — "Land of Green Ginger," painted in large letters on the corner; but they could not learn the origin of so odd a title.

An evening drive gave charming glimpses of

the river Humber, of two pretty villages, — Kirk Ella and West Ella, named after some Saxon ruler of long ago; and they never tired of admiring the ivy-grown cottages, holly and box hedges, and the hedgerow blossoms,— blue veronica, herb robert, ragged robin, white mint, and Wordsworth's celandine.

After supper, Mr. Brooks saw them safely on board their steamer; and as she did not sail until two o'clock, they had several hours of quiet sleep before daylight, which found them rising and falling with unpleasant tumultuousness on the rough waters of the North Sea.

They bravely dressed and went on deck, but descended ignominiously about noon, and lay in helpless misery the rest of that day and the whole of the next, which was Sunday. Margaret, naturally the liveliest of the three, lay limp as a broken doll in her berth, occasionally murmuring:

"Why was I born? What fools we were to come!" and at last, "I don't care what you girls do, *I* shall spend the rest of my life in Norway."

"If we live to get there," moaned Annie.

"Yes, but in any case, I will *never* set foot on a steamer again!"

"We might go back by way of Behring's Straits," suggested Ellen, faintly; "I believe

they're only forty miles wide, and I've always wanted to see Alaska."

"Oh, you horrid Cambridge thing! How can you remember any geography *now!*" but here a dreadful plunge and sickening roll reduced them all to despairing silence.

A kind and attentive stewardess was their only consolation, until, on Monday morning, they reached Christianssand, on the southeast coast of Norway, where the sea was so much less rough, that Ellen and Margaret succeeded in making a staggering toilet, and went on deck, leaving Annie in an exhausted sleep.

"We're both the color of cheap window-glass!" cried Margaret, rashly glancing at the mirror while she wound a Shetland cloud over her old felt hat and tumbled hair. "Come, Nell!" and they reeled up the companion way, into the keen, delicious air, which soon restored a natural color to their blue lips and blanched cheeks. Land, beloved land was in sight all the forenoon, and in the afternoon they entered Christiania Fiord. "Pinch yourself, Ellen Marlow," whispered Margaret, now quite restored; "can it be really true that we see a fiord at last, or is this a Stoddard lecture?"

"It reminds me of the mouth of the Penobscot,

going to Castine," said Annie, who had joined them; but the others were indignant, and as the lovely water-way grew narrower and narrower, and the hills higher, and first red-roofed farm-houses, and then whole villages were seen, she had to own that all was unmistakably new and foreign.

After so many hours of tossing and physical anguish, the long tranquil twilight was delightful indeed; and as bend after bend revealed new beauties, they grew silent from very pleasure, only occasionally exclaiming, "Oh, look! look!" and once Annie whispered, "Oh, how Hugh would have enjoyed this!"

As they glided on, the hills grew deeper and deeper purple against the gray and crimson sunset sky, which was still bright at half-past eleven, when they reached the wharf at Christiania.

In the bustle that followed, they had only a moment to feel themselves strangers in a foreign land, when a friendly voice was heard calling, "Annie! Margaret!" and there was a broad-shouldered blonde-whiskered man, pushing through the crowd, and greeting the Harleys and then their friend, with such beaming cordiality, that they felt at once shielded and safe, and all possibility of homesickness was gone.

Soon the four were rolling along the streets of Christiania in an easy carriage, on their way to Mr. Erlsen's house, two miles out in the country.

Though nearly midnight, there was still daylight enough for Ellen to read the signs over the shops; while Annie and Margaret were busy questioning their brother-in-law about "sister Eleanor, and the children."

"They would have come to meet you too," he said; "but the steamer was late, and she sent the children to bed, and I told her to go too; but I think we will not find her asleep, oh, no."

Just then they turned in at a gateway decorated with American flags, whirled along between tall fir-trees, reached a porch wreathed with flowers, and in another moment Annie and Margaret were embracing the sister they had not seen for ten years.

She was tall like Annie, but fair and plump and dimpled like Margaret; and she welcomed Ellen with such cordial sweetness as to make her feel at home at once.

"You 're all as tired as you can be, I know," she cried, guiding them into a charming room where supper was spread; "have n't I been tumbled and jumbled in that dreadful voyage myself?

Oh, yes; but you must eat a little, and then you shall go straight to bed and sleep just as long as ever you please in the morning."

How delightful it was, an hour later, to undress without staggering, and to creep into spacious beds on firm land, with no hurry and no journey for the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

BIRKENGAARD.

From Ellen's note-book.

BIRKENGAARD, May 25th.

HERE we are, well and happy, and very much at home in this beautiful place. Mrs. Erlsen is just as kind as mamma would be to any one far away from her own people; and Mr. Erlsen has read all Cousin John's books, and admires them very much, and says that he shall adopt me on the strength of my connection with him. The children call me Cousin Ellen, for they seem to think I belong to the family. They are dear little things, though very shy. Henrik is nine, Clara six, and then comes Helen, the plumpest and quietest baby I ever saw. Henrik has taken me all about the grounds this morning; and already there are violets, primroses, and anemones all through the grass, and many trees in full leaf. From all the windows there are lovely views of near and distant hills; and from mine I have a

glimpse of the Christiania Fiord between dark firs and pale-green birches. The house is large and pleasant, and my room opens out of Annie and Margaret's. I have just received mamma's first letter, and now home does not seem half so far away. Mr. Erlsen drove us in town this morning, in a pretty double phaeton, and we got some money at the Credit Bank; and I have learned that a hundred ϕre make a krone, or crown, and that is worth about twenty-eight cents. In one place we met a queer group of emigrants, which I sketched. We had no trouble about our trunks at the Custom House, and have been unpacking and getting settled. Now I am sitting on the veranda with Annie, and Margaret is rambling under the fir-trees with the children.

Evening.

This afternoon we drove to see a hunting-lodge of the king's, called Oscar's Hall. It is a cream-colored tower, which I had noticed from the piazza, against a dark background of firs. It is surrounded by beautiful woods, through which wind many drives and footpaths. From the terrace in front of the tower, we had a magnificent view of the fiord and the city, surrounded by hills; and we drove a long way through the

woods, which were of fir, pine, weeping birches, and wild cherry in full bloom.

Underneath, the ground was fairly carpeted with violets, anemones, hepaticas, cowslips, and oxalis, and, as if that were not beauty enough, we came suddenly out upon the shore of the fiord, where waves were dashing upon the rocks. The road followed a precipitous shore for a while, and then we came out among green fields. Some of the houses we passed were very picturesque, like Swiss châlets, only larger. Many were unpainted, and some had roofs of curved red tiles.

Mr. Erlsen's buildings are all roofed in this way, and the effect, among the dark pines and delicate green birches, is wonderfully pretty. The house forms one side of a large court, and rises in the middle to a high tower. Right and left, are stables and other buildings; in front, a beautiful lawn; and behind, a garden with winding paths among lime and maple trees, with plenty of rustic seats. Beyond the garden comes the real farm, and there is a lovely brook tumbling over rocks, just like New Hampshire, and presently it widens into a pretty pond, and beyond that are fir woods, and rocky hills covered with birches, and meadows full of marsh marigolds, or king-

cups. Mrs. Erlsen says that we shall soon find lilies of the valley blooming wild everywhere. How I wish mamma were here to enjoy these delights with me! Cousin Miranda would be sketching in every direction.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTIANIA.

"WHO will walk into town with me, this lovely morning?" said Mr. Erlsen, at the breakfast-table, on the girls' first Sunday. "English service is held in the Fest-sal of the University, and the chaplain of the consulate is to preach."

Ellen thought that this would seem delightfully like Appleton Chapel at Harvard, so her hand went up at once, and little Henrik, who had become her devoted knight, immediately followed suit.

"Nobody is obliged to walk," said Mrs. Erlsen; "for I am going to drive in;" and Annie decided to go with her.

Margaret hesitated; but a glance from the window showed her that the dust had been laid by a shower in the night, that the sky was deeply blue, with fleecy clouds chased over it by a brisk breeze, and she enlisted with the walking party. Henrik kept persistently beside Ellen, leaving Margaret to his father; but as his favorite was

intending to write to her brother Henry in the afternoon, she kept near enough to question her host about the University, while not neglecting her little squire. She learned that it was established by royal charter in 1811, Frederic VI. being king, and began with a staff of only six professors.

"But now there are five faculties," continued Mr. Erlsen, "over fifty professors, and a thousand students; and instead of having the lectures — all of which are free — in different parts of the town, and the collections scattered about in Government rooms, we now have a fine building of our own, finished in 1853. The Library is open five days in the week; there are two hundred and fifty thousand volumes; and our Storthing — as you say, Parliament or Congress — votes for it four thousand specie dollars, year by year. Your Cousin Willoughby would take great joy could he see its richness in North Danish works of most early periods."

Here they came in view of the University, — a substantial edifice of granite, brick and stucco, with two wings at right angles to the main front, thus enclosing a spacious court on three sides.

"The whole of this left wing is the library," said Mr. Erlsen; "the right contains the collec-

tions of Northern Antiquities. We have over forty thousand coins and medals — some very rare mediæval —" Here a gentleman joined Mr. Erlsen, and Ellen fell back to Henrik, who, in his best English, tried to tell her of a Gamme or Lapland hut which he would some day show her, at the back of the building.

The service proved long, and the girls were taken by surprise when prayer was offered for the President of the United States.

"That was in your honor, you must know," said Mr. Erlsen, as they came out.

"Not really?" cried Margaret.

"Oh, yes, indeed: one of the prominent members of the church told me that the rector, hearing that some American ladies would probably come, consulted him as to the proper way to make prayer for their president."

"I must tell Harry that," said Ellen; but her letter was not written as soon as she intended, for Mrs. Erlsen now asked them to go with her in the carriage to call on some friends. They learned that not only were visitors expected to make the first call, but that Sunday after service was the generally accepted time.

They were most cordially welcomed everywhere, and found their new acquaintances very agreeable.

In the afternoon, the largest carriage was brought out, and the whole family went on a long drive through beautiful forests of weeping birches, hemlocks, and pines, the ground carpeted with ferns and anemones.

"I never saw so many wild flowers," cried Annie, as they came out of the woods into meadows glowing with kingcups. "These are fields of the cloth of gold!"

"And I think all the flowers are larger and deeper colored than ours," said Ellen.

"These glimpses of the blue fiord with all those fascinating sail boats and rocky islands, please me most," remarked Margaret; "but look, girls! there are some people playing croquet! How very strange!" then fearing that she had been impolite, she hastily added, "perhaps they are Jews, and this is not their Sabbath."

"Oh, no, they are Norwegians and Protestants, and good religious people, too," said Mr. Erlsen, laughing; "but Sunday is here a holiday, and after church every one is free to play croquet, to dance, to play card games,— anything that they would do other days."

"It seemed very strange to me when I first lived here," added his wife; "but now I am so used to it, that I forgot it would shock you."

"Yes, yes; Eleanor is a very good Norwegian now," said her husband, proudly; "and I, I am a good American, am I not? You never would suspect that I was not, would you?" he eagerly demanded of Ellen, much to her embarrassment; for though she always understood him, his accent was undeniable, and his choice of words sometimes quite comical. That very day he had referred to the year in which Columbus *detected* America, and had spoken of a manufactory as a *fabrication.*

She colored deeply, and stammered out: "I — I only wish I could hope ever to speak Norwegian as well as you do English," and Annie came to her aid by adding: —

"You are a shining example to us all, Hermann; for you never use slang, or say 'ain't,' or drop your g's."

Returning from the drive, they found callers at Birkengaard,— a sweet old lady and her two sons, one of whom was a learned astronomer, and the younger a rising naturalist.

They were hospitably kept to tea, and all sat on the lawn afterward, enjoying the sunset and talking over an expedition to the North Cape, which Mr. Erlsen proposed making with the girls, and which the brothers had already made.

After the guests had gone, Annie said that she was too tired for letter-writing, and asked Ellen to join her in a walk in the grounds.

"It will rest us after the exertion of being agreeable so long, and we can get some wild flowers to put in our letters."

Ellen agreed; but Mrs. Erlsen laughingly inquired if it were a Cambridge custom to go flower-gathering at ten o'clock at night. Watches were hastily consulted, and it was found to be indeed so; but the girls persevered and succeeded in filling their hands with great golden kingcups before daylight had wholly faded.

The next morning Ellen rose early, and had filled several pages of a letter to her brother before she was called to breakfast by little Clara, whose English did not go much farther than, "Good-morning. Please come down, mamma says," uttered in a timid but earnest voice, with cheeks rosy with bashful pride in her own achievement. After this and every meal, the children shook hands with their parents, Norwegian fashion, saying, "*Tak for maden*," or thanks for the meal; and Ellen delighted them by following their example. She was not allowed to return to her pen, but was carried off with the other girls for a day in Christiania, Mr. Erlsen acting as cicerone,

solemnly bidden by his wife not to let them get too tired, as they were to go out to tea in the evening.

As in loyalty bound, he took them first to the royal palace, driving through a fine wide street called Carl Johans Gade, after King Bernadotte. Well-kept pleasure-grounds extended on one side, and attractive buildings on the other, among which the Storthing, or Parliament House, Saint Saviour's Church, and the Stor Torv, or great market, adorned with a statue of Christian IV., were the most imposing.

The girls were at first disappointed by the fresh and modern appearance of the town, having a vague impression that everything in the Old World must look ancient and timeworn; but they were told that, though founded in 1624, it had been three times nearly destroyed by fire, and most of its picturesque old wooden buildings replaced by safer but prosaic material,— yellow brick, stone, and stucco.

Oslo, now only a suburb, was the original settlement, but that had been burned, and Christiania founded in its stead. The palace, though surrounded by beautiful grounds, and commanding a most lovely view of the fiord, the cheerful city, and background of wooded hills, was also "disap-

pointingly modern and spick and spandy," Margaret declared; and Mr. Erlsen, to indulge her preference for the antique, drove next to the fortress of Akershus, which though, no longer of military importance, was sufficiently venerable and charged with historic interest to satisfy the most romantic. The date of its foundation is lost in the past; but it is known to have been besieged as early as 1310, and to have successfully resisted Charles XII. in 1716.

As they strolled along the grassy ramparts, now popular promenades, looking out upon the sparkling waves and tranquil fields, and trying in vain to realize the sanguinary struggles and desperate deeds of long ago, they were joined by a friend of Mr. Erlsen's, a dapper young lieutenant in a becoming uniform of dark blue and red, with silver cord trimmings. Margaret found him a decidedly agreeable addition; but Ellen and Annie agreed apart that his stiff little military bows, and carefully arranged English sentences, made him the most distressingly unheroic and modern feature of all. It did not add any glamour of romance to the occasion, that he was obliged to leave them to join his regiment, which was on duty at the palace, there being some fear of a riot, owing to a strike among the tile-makers.

From the fortress they now drove to the University, where Mr. Erlsen's pride and enthusiasm carried them from collection to collection till poor Annie was ready to drop with fatigue, Margaret became sleepy, bored, and hungry, and Ellen felt as if her head must burst with all that she was trying to store within it, for the sake of Henry and her cousin, Professor Willoughby. At last even their guide noticed their pale cheeks and dragging feet, and remorsefully carried them home, where he was received at the door by his wife, crying, "O Hermann, Hermann, dinner has been waiting an hour! These poor girls are half dead. Never, never, will I trust them to you again!"

CHAPTER V.

THE VIKING SHIP.

A RAINY day followed this expedition, giving the girls a welcome opportunity to rest and make up their note-books and letters. Ellen had been most of all interested in the remains of the old Viking ship, and felt as if she must share her pleasure with Amy Ray, her oldest and dearest Cambridge friend, who was kept too busy by domestic cares to read or travel much. "It seems," she wrote, "that all over Norway there are mounds which are known to be ancient burial-places, and now and then one is opened, and very interesting things are found; but it costs so much to do it, that the work goes on slowly. A few years ago the University of Christiania opened one at its own expense, and was rewarded by finding one of the wonderful old Viking ships.

"It was at Sandefiord, a little town not far from here, and we are to make an excursion there, soon.

"You know, in old, old times here, it was the custom when a chieftain died to bury him in his

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ship, with his horses and dogs, harness, gold and silver ornaments, etc. They then dragged the ship well up on the shore, covered it with moss and then with clay; and all this is what was found at Sandefiord, and brought, with great difficulty and care, to the University, where we saw it yesterday.

"The ship was about seventy feet long, larger than any found before; and the bones of a man, three horses, and several dogs were in it.

"The professor who showed us about, and who is a very learned man, said that it was undoubtedly buried in the ninth century, and now, after a thousand years of darkness, has come to light once more, but not for the first time. There are signs of its having been opened and robbed of the gold and silver ornaments, which ought to be there and are not. Probably this was done soon after it was first buried. In spite of all these years, there are traces of paint on the outside of the ship, and its ornamentation convinces the antiquaries that some Viking of great importance found here his last resting-place.

"The nails which fasten the ship's timbers show that it belonged to the first iron age; but some of the parts were dovetailed together, just as they would be to-day. It is supposed to have

carried a hundred and twenty men, as the bosses from that number of shields were found.

"The prow was very sharp, and must have cut the water beautifully, urged by so many rowers, and by the wind in its great sails. These were of woollen material. The remains of a silk mantle, which may have been brought from the far East, was wrapped around the hero's bones.

"The rudder, a huge oar-shaped thing, was fastened to the ship's side. Mr. and Mrs. Erlsen saw all this at Sandefiord in 1880, the year it was discovered. The excavating was done with the utmost care, and some one gave Mrs. Erlsen some little bits of wood, one of which she has given me. It is of oak and still hard. The shields had all crumbled away; but we saw many of the metal bosses with which they had been ornamented. They were of gilt bronze, with figures of dragons, and knights on horseback. We also saw golden ornaments dug from other mounds, — pendants, necklaces, rings, and coils, the latter used as money, a little bit being broken off for payment. But what pleased me most, was learning that this wonderful relic was found on the farm of a poor widow named Gokstad, who was just going to sell her dear old home to pay her debts, when, as a last hope, her sons decided

to dig into this mound, which had always been called *Kongshougen*, or king's hill, from the belief that a royal hero was buried there. They soon found signs that it was so, and were sensible enough to stop and carry the news to the Antiquarian Society in Christiania, who paid the mother five hundred dollars for the ship itself; and she took several hundred more in fees from visitors who swarmed to see it. This, to her, was a fortune, and let us hope that she and her sons have been happy ever since.

"Now to change from Vikings of nine hundred years ago, to your humdrum friend of present days, I must tell you that we went last night to a real Norwegian tea-party. There were the Erlsens and ourselves, an artist, an English clergyman, a pleasant married couple named Rosen, and their daughter, and the Lieutenant Bonval whom we had met before. Our hostess was an aunt of Mr. Erlsen's, or Annie and Margaret would not have felt like going; and I really think Annie would have preferred staying quietly at home, but Hermann looked so distressed when she spoke of it, that she could not bear to refuse him. I had the honor of being taken out by the artist, who spoke English tolerably well. The clergyman took Annie, and Lieutenant Bonval

Margaret. He is quite smitten with her, we think; but she only makes fun of him. Now, I know that your dear housekeeperly mind is wondering what we had to eat. An abundance, I assure you. Fricasseed chickens with pastry, salmon trout, tongue, cauliflower, sweet-breads or something in a rich mysterious sauce, shrimps, cold sliced meat, dressed lettuce, tea, coffee, beer, and wine, and several dishes I have forgotten. Would n't even our omnivorous brothers have been satisfied? After tea, we all shook hands with our hostess and said, '*Tak for maden*,' and she replied, '*Vel bekomme*' which means, 'I hope it may agree with you.' Not an unnecessary wish after such a table, you may think. Then we looked at engravings and a fine album of photographs (where I was pleased to see our Longfellow), and some of us played cards. By and by a magnificent cake was served, with fancy frosting and macaroons on the outside, and fruit and cream inside.

"The Lieutenant continued to devote himself to Margaret, while Annie and Miss Rosen fell in love with each other, and she told us of a young man who will be glad to give us lessons in Norwegian. We are to begin to-morrow, for we want to learn as much as we can before we go to the

North Cape. Be sure and tell Harry this, so that he will not think I am frivolous all the time. I wish every day that you were here to enjoy all these lovely places with me," but even as Ellen wrote these words, in all sincerity, a second and inner self seemed to be saying, "and yet I am glad you are at home, for I do hope that missing me will make Harry see more of you, and that perhaps — perhaps — " and a rosy glow went all over her face at some happy possibility, though she wrote steadily on. "We are reading aloud Carlyle's 'Early Kings of Norway.' Can't you get it, and so be in a sympathetically Norse frame of mind? I hope you are not wearing your dear, unselfish fingers off, making spring suits for Esther and Carol and Daisy and Grace, while I am junketing about like the improvident grasshopper. Do go over often to see Mamma," again her cheeks grew red. "But here come callers, and I must jump into another gown."

Not long after this the promised excursion was made to Sandefiord.

They started at half-past six, Margaret's sleepy eyes still blinking comically. On the steamer they met some new Norwegian friends, a Mr. and Miss Rosen, who with Mr. and Mrs. Erlsen and

the three girls made a pleasant party of seven, a number, that Ellen and the Harleys had learned to love in old Adirondack days, when Hugh, Sidney, Harry, and Jessie had completed the group.

The boat was gayly trimmed with flags, for it was the first day of the hotel season; and it went very fast, keeping up a vigorous whistling to warn everything else to keep out of the way, as it wound in and out between islands where the passage was often too narrow for two.

It was warm and sunny, and the fiord was as smooth as glass.

Sandefiord is just beyond the entrance of Christiania Fiord, so they followed that beautiful waterway its entire length. Stopping at Drøbak and Moss on the eastern shore, a nice breakfast was served on board, and the girls tried reindeer's tongue for the first time; but it was so smoked and salted that there was no special taste to it. Reaching Sandefiord about half-past one, they took a drive about the pretty town, which is a favorite watering-place. There are sulphur springs and mud baths. The mud contained sulphur, iodine, and other things, and is dug up from the bottom of the sea, and the patient is plastered all over with it, and then it is scraped off and the hose is played on him awhile. They dined at the

hotel, and took the return steamer at five, Mr. Rosen telling fascinating stories of old Vikings and other heroes, as they glided along between wild rocky shores and lonely islands, where everything romantic seemed easily possible.

Then there was a Professor Frosch, who had joined them, and was quite polite to Annie. He had helped in digging up the wonderful old Viking ship, and gave a most interesting account of it to the attentive Ellen.

The sunset was beautiful, and the brightness lasted all the way home, the water of a strange coppery lustre where it reflected the yellow sky, and steel blue in the shadow of the hills. Many little boats, with all sails set, flitted around them, wholly reflected in the clear water.

Tired but happy, they reached Birkengaard a little before midnight, and were soon wrapped in the deep sweet sleep that follows an out-door day.

June had now begun, and the weather was warm enough to call for cambric dresses and summer silks, as Ellen duly recorded for her mother's benefit; and in her rambles on the fiord shore, she found lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, and heart's-ease, all blooming freely and wild among the grass. A generous cluster was pressed

and sent to Jessie Carruth in a letter which described a charming drive to Maridalen. "The road led through dense woods, with glimpses of the sea, and on the way home we went through a factory village just as the mill-girls were coming out. They all wore white kerchiefs with colored borders (on their heads), and were generally rosy-cheeked, plump, and contented-looking.

"Yesterday we went to a christening in the old Akers Kirke in Christiania. It is eight hundred years old, built of stone, with a square, pointed-top tower. The guide-book calls it a 'three-naved basilica in the Anglo-Norman Romanesque style;' but you will not care for that. The baby was named Ingeborg Katherine Grace. The Lutheran minister wore a long, full, black gown, a white ruff, and a little black skull cap. There were two god-mothers and two god-fathers. First a hymn was sung; then there was a long address and a prayer; then the baby's head was held over the font, and the minister scooped up as much water as he could in one hand, poured it three times over the little head, and then scrubbed it well with a stiff towel; but Ingeborg was calm through all. The Norwegian sound of Katherine and Grace was very funny.

"In the afternoon we drove to a sæter, which

is a place far up on the hills where the cattle are kept during the summer. If you've read 'Quits,' you will remember similar places described.

"This one has been changed into a gentleman's country-seat, and though built in imitation of a peasant's house, is much larger and has plate-glass windows. It is of unpainted logs, and entirely furnished in wood, some beautifully carved.

"The view from the balconies was very fine, looking down upon the tops of pine woods like Adirondack Lodge, only instead of Clear Lake we had a glimpse of Christiania Fiord, with the city at its head.

"Annie and Margaret and I are constantly reminded of the dear Lake Placid days, and the friends who made them so bright; and when we see anything unusually lovely, we feel as if Hugh must be enjoying it too. We were told that Prince Louis Napoleon once spent a night here, and that General Grant came and was delighted with the place. So you see we follow illustrious steps. We were refreshed with currant sherbet after our ramble, and drove home in the long lovely twilight."

CHAPTER VI.

ST. OLAF'S BAD.

A FEW days after this the three girls went on a two days' excursion with Mr. Erlsen, to visit a watering-place called St. Olaf's Bad or Baths.

After an early breakfast, the four started in a char-à-banc drawn by two lively horses named Askar and Sleipner. For a while they followed the shore of the ever-beautiful Christiania Fiord whose unruffled surface gave back every rocky, fir-clad islet, flitting sail, and red-roofed farm-house with mirror-like faithfulness, while a soft mist veiled the distant hills. Leaving the sea, they followed one river after another, each smaller but swifter than the last, as they climbed upwards towards their sources in the heights.

By and by a sudden turn brought to view an exquisite sheet of water, of very irregular shape, lying among hills whose tops were streaked with snow.

"O! O!" cried the girls in chorus, "how perfectly lovely! Is that our own fiord again?"

"No," said Mr. Erlsen; "it is called Thyri-

fiord, and yet is not an arm of the sea at all, but a lake."

"It is as crooked as our Winnepesaukee," said Annie; "but its mountain setting makes it far more beautiful." And now they all began to feel that they needed a supply of new adjectives to express the charms of the landscape unfolding before their eager eyes as the road wound on toward grand, snow-crowned mountains, the lovely lake on their left, while fir-clads hills rose steeply on the right.

The road itself was wonderful as an achievement in engineering, being in many places cut through solid rock, yet always firm and smooth, rising with almost imperceptible grade up the rugged hillsides.

"How Harry and Sidney would enjoy this on their bicycles," cried Ellen.

"Yes," said Annie; "I was just thinking how selfish it seems for us four to have all this beauty to ourselves, when there is enough to satisfy everybody we know."

"But you use it not all up," said Mr. Erlsen, laughing at this new arithmetic. "A few crumbs of beauty will be left for those who after come." At noon they stopped at a posting-station called Humledal, where Mr. Erlsen procured milk and

bread to add to the generously filled hamper which they had brought.

"I don't know why it is," said Margaret, as they sat feasting under the trees; "but the more I enjoy, the hungrier I get!"

"Who would not be hungry in such life-giving air?" said her sister.

"The horses must have a sense of the beautiful, too," remarked Ellen; "see how they relish their provender."

A two hours' rest gave her time to sketch a beautiful curve of the road, while Annie filled her pocket-press with ferns and wild flowers. After they had been on the road again two or three hours, Askar lost a shoe; but fortunately a forge was near, and the girls accepted a friendly invitation from the blacksmith's wife to come into her little parlor, where Annie took a nap, and the others, with horror at their own appetites, partook of a second luncheon of delicious cream and crackers, urged upon them by the hospitable woman.

"I shall be as wide as I am long, at this rate," sighed Margaret; "dear Hugh always said I reminded him of a croquette."

"Lieutenant Bonval would perhaps leave out the 'r'?" whispered Ellen.

No farther adventure befell them till they reached Hønefos, and were shown into neat and comfortable rooms in Fru Glatved's Hotel. In spite of their double lunch, they were not unappreciative of their dinner, which consisted of hare, chicken, little unknown birds, pudding with a sauce of cherries, and sponge cake.

After this they wandered down to the river shore to see the fos, or falls, which give name to the place.

The water came tumbling over ledges of rock, gliding round some islands, and then over more ledges, in a delightfully picturesque way, but was useful as well as ornamental, serving as power for several flour and saw mills, to which it is led hither and thither by a system of troughs, and comes splashing and foaming out in unexpected places. Their long day in the open air had made the girls very sleepy, however, and before nine they voted unanimously to go to bed.

"There are limits even to enjoyment of lovely scenery," said Ellen, trying to keep her eyes open.

"And I have reached mine," added Margaret, stifling a yawn.

"Besides which we must be up early to-morrow," said Annie, rising.

"Oh, pray do not apologize," said her brother-

in-law, as he laughingly shook hands with them at the foot of the stairs. Next morning, the horses having been sent home, they took a train to Vikersund.

"We are going southward and homeward now," said Mr. Erlsen. "Hønefos is at the northern end of Thyrifiord, and to-day we shall follow down its western shore; and you can see which you best like."

"Then we shall have been entirely round it?" said Margaret.

"Yes, the lake really ends at Vikersund; but the river Drammen issues from it, and runs southward to Drammen Fiord, and that bears it to the sea. Before we follow it, I show you the most favorite watering-place in all Norway."

"More mud baths?" asked Margaret, with a grimace.

"Yes, and chalybeate springs and conifer forests. To read the prospectus, one thinks that everybody can be cured of everything; no one need ever die." A trembling of her lip warned the impulsive man, and he hastily added, "Now here we are at our station. Come, Margaret, you shall choose our carriage. It is pleasant to leave the railway, is it not? Ah, your eye is upon those brown ponies! You are

a judge, I see. Come, Miss Ellen, it is your turn for the front seat; now away to St. Olaf's!"

A short drive brought them to the much-praised spot, and all agreed that its charms had not been over-stated. Scores of fanciful little wooden houses with red-tiled roofs were scattered about in a forest of fir and pine. Winding paths led in and out; rustic seats and tables invited to rest and luncheon; a pretty lake lay in one direction; but loveliest of all, was the Kaggefos, where the river came dashing down between high black rocks, veiled by clouds of mist and spray.

"Oh, look! look at that fascinating little mill!" cried Margaret, pointing to the top of the highest cascade, where the picturesque building was well relieved by a background of pine-covered hills.

"It's just like a scene in an opera! Do, do sketch it, Annie!"

It was indeed too pretty to be left untried, and as they were to stay till four, Annie made an attempt in pencil, and Ellen one in water-color, while Margaret wandered and climbed with her brother-in-law.

About noon, the artists were rejoined by the ramblers, who eagerly inspected their work.

"You have both done extremely well," cried their genial host. "You have earned the treat

we have provided," and he led the way to one of the rustic tables where were placed four large glasses of *eggedosis*, a refreshing mixture of eggs and sugar beaten to a stiff cream, and flavored with a few drops of brandy.

The day had now grown very warm, and the sisters were content to sit in the shade, listening to the band and watching the crowd of patients and tourists, while Ellen took a ramble, and finally came to rest with them, and began a home-letter, that being an unfailing method of filling all spare moments; for the desire to impart her enjoyment to the friends at home was ever-present, and mail steamers left every Wednesday and Saturday.

"I never saw so much bowing in my life," remarked Margaret, at last. "How cordial and polite people are to each other here! They cannot all be old friends or cousins, and yet you would certainly think so."

"I have noticed it too," said Annie; "and more than that, there seems to be no class feeling, no social barriers. Those richly dressed people are neither arrogant nor condescending; and the plainer ones, and even the waiters, have none of that cringing sycophantic manner which was often so unpleasant in English shops."

"It is true," said Mr. Erlsen; "we are very democratic. We have no aristocracy. Everybody is here as good as his neighbor, and expects to be so treated."

"I like it," said Margaret; "when I was walking this forenoon, all the boys took off their hats, and the girls smiled and dropped courtesies, and Hermann's hat was off half the time. When I write a book, I shall say that Norway is the land of good manners."

"And good hearts too," said Ellen. "That blacksmith's wife yesterday was as anxious to make us comfortable, as if we had been her children."

After leaving St. Olaf's Bad, they took a train, and for four hours followed the Drammen River southward from its origin in lovely Thyrifiord to the flourishing town of its own name. The car was about twice as large as an English compartment, with five windows on each side, giving good views of the ever-beautiful landscape. Drammen lies between high hills at the head of Drammen Fiord, which carries its rushing river to the sea. It is the fifth city in Norway in size, and the second as to shipping importance, with many fine churches and public buildings, three bridges crossing its river, one a magnificent iron girder

structure for the railroad, 3,800 feet long. "Timber, zinc, and nickel ore are largely exported," read Ellen from her guide-book, while Annie was inquiring about a tower with two flagstaffs, on a high hill just outside the city. She was told that it was the Brandposten, or fire-alarm station; and Mr. Erlsen spoke with enthusiasm of the grand view of city, river, and fiord he had once had from its veranda. Cannon are fired there whenever a conflagration is discovered in the city, which has suffered severely from destructive ones in 1866 and 1870.

Leaving Drammen, the road bent sharply northeast, climbing steep hills in a truly wonderful way, the view ever-widening and the towns looking more and more like toy-villages, as they were left below. Christiania Fiord now appeared on the right, then the city itself, and by nine o'clock the travellers reached Birkengaard, having described an irregular circle in their two days' journey.

Mr. Erlsen beamed with pleasure, as the girls exclaimed, "Oh, Eleanor, how beautiful Norway is; but how nice to be *at home* again!" And the evening passed happily as they recounted their adventures over a bountiful tea-dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSEQUENCES.

MEANTIME Ellen's gentle companionship was greatly missed at home.

"Nelly far away! Baby wants Nelly!" was often the plaintive cry of little Marion, the only child of Professor and Mrs. Willoughby, with whom Mrs. Marlow and Ellen had lived ever since Mr. Marlow's death. Every one who heard the child's wistful cry would mentally if not audibly echo it; for it is not the lively or turbulent members of a family who are most missed, but the quiet ones who give a helping hand here, a look of understanding or touch of sympathy there, — small, silent things, but refreshing as dew, in the dusty ways of life.

With her mother, it was a permanent sense of loss, an abiding thirst. Mrs. Willoughby remarked of her, "Cousin Sarah looks older."

"She will grow young again when her little shadow comes home," said the Professor.

"Her sunshine you mean," said Harry, lifting himself unexpectedly from a deep chair in the bay-window. "Everybody's sunshine, if you come to that. When are you going to be big enough to play my accompaniments, and copy my rhymes, and mend my gloves, and stroke my feathers when I'm cross, hey, Miss May-blossom?" and he picked up the child and carried her off into the garden.

By and by she came back alone. "Where is Cousin Harry, dear?" asked her mother.

"Gone to take Miss Amy a lovely bouquet, and to see if she's had a letter from Cousin Ellen. He cut this rose for me; and I'll give it to you, Mamma."

"A very logical sequence," murmured the Professor, apparently to his pen and ink. "Nature abhors a vacuum; the sister absent, the friend present."

Mrs. Willoughby smiled. It was not a new thought to her. "Nothing would please Ellen better," she responded.

"What, Mamma? To have me put my rose in your dress?"

"To have us all comfort each other while she is gone," was the answer, with a kiss; "so let us go and ask Cousin Sarah to take a walk, and

leave papa to finish his paper on — on cardiac affections."

Marion was accustomed to hearing words that she did not understand, in connection with papa's writing, and reverenced him all the more for the mystery.

Now it happened that Amy had received a letter from Norway, which easily accounts for the young doctor's remaining in Professor Ray's garden to talk it over, and perhaps also for his taking Amy out rowing on the pensive Charles at twilight; but it could hardly explain two more evenings the same week (for his home was in Boston with Dr. Bonney), unless he were helping her write her reply, of which there was no indication in the ten pages which Ellen received. They gave a graphic account of the gayeties of Class Day. All had gone well, except when Alfred's friend from New Hampshire, a bashful freshman, had ruined with salmon salad that old pink silk of Amy's, which she had spent three days in making over for poor Esther. It told of a new engagement in their set; of a wedding where Amy had met Ellen's Boston friends the Carruths. "Jessie was radiantly lovely in white and gold, as maid of honor. I could think of nothing but the Georgian Maid in our Corbaux's illus-

trations of Lalla Rookh, so orientally picturesque was she, her eyes by turns roguish and dreamy. Sidney was one of the ushers, but did n't seem to enjoy the part. He looked bored, and devoted himself to mamma and Mrs. Willoughby and other married ladies. Perhaps he did not like to have Vernon Hay so much with Jessie. None of the men like him; but he is excessively handsome, and Jessie certainly enjoys his devotion, perhaps because the other girls envy her, perhaps to plague her brother, who calls him that 'troubador fellow.' He does look operatic. Your brother was there, but went away early. Have you heard how good your mother is in inviting me to go to Lotus Bay with her and the Willoughbys? I shall sit in the 'mermaid's grotto' of our childhood, and miss you more than ever."

Miss her Amy doubtless did; and yet it would have been hard to find a happier face than was hers, during the month she spent on Cape Cod with the family of her friend. The eldest daughter in a family of three boys and five girls, with a semi-invalid mother and a dreamy scholar father, she had been head and hands and feet for all, ever since she could remember.

Her vacations had been few, and most of them had been arranged by the Willoughbys, so that

she slipped easily and naturally into Ellen's place, helping the professor with his proof-sheets, Mrs. Willoughby with her fruit-canning, Mrs. Marlow with her fancy-work, Marion with her doll-dressing and rock-rambling, and Dr. Harry (who had suddenly given up a bachelor Adirondack-camp plan) in everything that a sister-spoiled man could ask of a girl only too well trained to brotherly exactions.

She had spent one summer in this place, when she and Ellen and Harry were sand-digging, shell-treasuring children, and another more recently; but then her whole family had been boarding in the village, and, as Harry said, "Amy was dressmaker and nurse to the whole insatiable crew." He intended that this summer should be entirely different. Esther, the next older sister left at home, certainly found it so, and awoke to a remorseful appreciation of Amy's virtues. Being an energetic and enthusiastic character, just out of school, and casting about for a mission in life, beginning to realize that she was not, as two or three years ago she had fondly dreamed, a second Corinne, she impulsively resolved to abandon all such personal and selfish ambitions, and to fill her elder sister's place, or perish in the attempt.

"Yes, dear noble Amy should be free to marry Dr. Marlow!" whose intimacy romantic Esther had quickly perceived, and at first resented; "and I — I, who am far too homely and awkward to have a lover, will become all that she has been at home."

These noble resolutions were not kept without many failures, — sometimes in temper, sometimes in desserts; many spasms of rebellion from Grace, Daisy, and Carol, whom she now dragooned with far more than Amy's strictness; Alfred and Charley, being older, were too much their own masters to suffer from her sway, but indulged in frequent jokes over her new rôle, while really regretting that their old companion in pranks had "fledged herself into a saint all unbeknownst." But Esther persevered, and was so far successful that Mrs. Ray wrote to Amy not to hurry home, for the children were unusually well and good, and Esther getting to be quite womanly.

While Ellen's absence was thus working happy results in her own family and the Rays', it was quite otherwise with Sidney and Jessie Carruth, her Boston friends, who, next to Amy, had been her nearest and dearest friends. To her intimacy with them she owed two notably delightful chap-

ters in her life, — a winter in Washington and a summer in the Adirondacks.

Their parents had cordially fostered the intimacy, justly regarding Ellen's influence as most desirable for their more volatile daughter; and Sidney had been like a true brother both to her and Harry.

And now, her faithful balance-wheel gone, Jessie was drifting farther and farther into an ultra-fashionable current, where her beauty, her liveliness, and her father's wealth made her dangerously popular. Her only sister had recently married and gone to live in another city; Amy's circle was exclusively a Cambridge one, so that they seldom met; and Sidney, in his well-meant attempts to guard and restrain her, usually succeeded only in irritating and offending the wilful little beauty, driving her into obstinate opposition, or reserve and concealment still more dangerous.

In fact, Sidney was just then painfully engrossed in his own affairs. He was bitterly grieved and disappointed by Ellen's absence this summer, having fully intended that, before its roses faded, he would end a self-imposed probation, confess his love for her, and, if possible, win hers in return. For a long time he had known that she

was the dearest thing in life to him, and he had been very near telling her so the previous summer, but had been piqued into silence by the frankness of her friendship, and her firmness in telling him that it was his duty to go to Europe with his family, instead of joining her party at Lotus Bay.

And now, just as they were all at home again, and he had found her more dear, more winning than ever, she had dashed his hopes once more by this sudden departure with the Harleys.

Did it not show that she wished to discourage him? That, as he had often feared, her heart had been given to Hugh? — poor Hugh, who had loved Ellen as dearly as hopelessly, knowing that his days were numbered, that such joys could never be his. He had been the only one in the whole group who had from the first seen the entire truth. Mrs. Marlow and the Willoughbys had long seen Sidney's preference for Ellen; but her serene unconsciousness baffled them, when they tried to decide whether he would succeed. Harry, brother-like, thought his sister an uncommonly nice girl, but not the kind to bowl men over, and had often enraged his friend by contriving to leave her out of their excursions, lest he might seem to throw her in Sidney's way, or

that she should care too much for him. He fancied that Sidney liked Amy (if any one), and was strongly stimulated thereby in his own admiration for the young lady. Amy knew Ellen's feelings better than did the girl herself, but was not sure of Sidney's; and so it was Hugh alone who had seen the two hearts slowly and surely turning towards each other, and had unselfishly rejoiced in the happiness he should not live to see.

And now, with a lover's perversity, Sidney was stabbing himself with the belief that it was affection for Hugh which kept Ellen aloof from him; grief for Hugh which drew her to his sisters, and with a deep and constant nature like hers, might prove a life-long obstacle to his hopes. How well he remembered when they were all young and careless at Lake Placid, how she would drop everything, forego any pleasure, if she could help Hugh instead; how many of Hugh's verses and sketches he had found in her scrap-book when he stole it, to tease her; how overcome she had been when the news of his death came from Madeira, refusing all invitations ever since; even her travelling-dress he had noticed was gray, trimmed with black. He thought Jessie very stupid that she had not spoken of it; but, of course, he would not refer to it unless she did.

He would not even ask her if she had heard from Ellen; but, as it happened, that young lady was anxious that he should escort her to a regatta, and voluntarily brought the letter to his room, and left it with him, so that he could read it as often and carefully as he chose, without fear of her mocking eyes. An affectionate allusion to Adirondack days gave him throb of pleasure, swiftly changed to pain when Hugh's name followed; yet he was consoled by the undeniable cheerfulness of the letter, and the fact that she had not forgotten Boston friends. He rose, after a third perusal, with the soothed and comfortable feeling he always experienced in Ellen's presence. "The girl of girls!" he muttered, touching his lips reverently to her signature, and on his way down town he bought a copy of "Quits," sat up late several nights reading it, and then gave it to Jessie, partly because he thought it would be more wholesome than the Russian stuff she was reading, and partly to propitiate and encourage her to show him her next Norway letter. He also went to Cambridge and called on the Willoughbys and Rays, which he had not done since the "Albatross" sailed, and was richly rewarded by hearing of a more recent letter of Ellen's to her mother, and seeing the one to

Amy about Sandefiord. Finding that Miss Ray had not succeeded in getting Carlyle's "Early Kings" from the library, he sent her a copy next day, and re-read his own with fresh interest, smiling as he remembered how he used to guide Ellen's reading, and now she was unwittingly reversing the parts.

CHAPTER VIII.

SARABRAATEN.

DURING the first three weeks of June, Ellen and the Harley girls worked diligently at their Norwegian lessons with Herr Schaben, and made good progress, though disappointed in finding the language less like German than they had hoped. Instead of finding every letter sounded, they discovered, with dismay, that in speaking, the greater part of every word was neglected, so that conversation proved bewildering, even when they would have recognized the same words in print.

The weather was now decidedly warm; but Ellen walked in and out of the city almost every morning to her teacher, while the afternoons were spent in social engagements or short excursions. One evening they attended the birthday party of an aunt of Mr. Erlsen's, meeting many of their new Norwegian acquaintances. The first hour was spent in rowing on the tranquil fiord, after which they returned to the house and a supper

was served, consisting principally of smöre-brod, slices of bread and crackers with thin layers of different kinds of meat, cut in fancy shapes, with meat jellies and slices of boiled egg. Then there was chicken, and eel in jelly. The English and French consuls were there; and Margaret had the honor of being taken to the dining-room by the latter; but she was afraid to speak French, and he spoke little English, so their conversation was not very lively. Ellen went out with the English clergyman, and had Miss Rosen on her other side, so did better. Annie fell to a rosy little man, very demure-looking, so that she was astonished when told that he was one of the leading artists of the place and painted bold mythological subjects, Valkyries and spirits of the air on wildly dashing horses. The girls saw one of them a few days later, and it seemed to them full of grace and power. After supper the guests all wandered out into the beautiful grounds, and amused themselves with an Eskimo dog, and went into a small detached house where Mr. Carlen reads and smokes, like Professor Ray's "brown study," Ellen said. Opposite the wide door was a mirror in a magnificently carved wooden frame, which Mr. Carlen told them with pride, had been seen and admired by the king. The tables

and chairs were of carved wood too, and very beautiful. They sat here sipping coffee, and looking out at the distant hills and lovely fiord, and afterwards climbed a tower and had a still finer view, while others played tennis. At supper Ellen asked for a glass of water; but Mr. Carlen said, "No, no, no! Can't have that here; that's your New England fashion! You shall have wine and water. Bring some Bordeaux for this young lady," and everybody looked at her, and she said no more. It proved so embarrassing to decline wine altogether, when drinking healths and giving toasts were so universal, that she learned to touch her lips to her glass, and take as little as possible.

Another day Mr. Erlsen gave a picnic at Sarabraaten, an estate of his among the hills east of Christiania. Ellen went in a carriage with her new friend Thora Rosen, Lieutenant Bonval, and the rosy artist.

The road lay through the oldest quarter of the town, very picturesque, but also very dirty.

Sarabraaten is built in imitation of a peasant's house, and stands on a cliff above a lovely lake, surrounded by hills. After a lunch of reindeer's tongue, and bread and butter, they climbed one of the hills. Annie said she felt as if she were at

Mt. Desert. After climbing a while, they came to a pond over which they were rowed by the cow-girl. On one side perpendicular cliffs rose directly from the water, and gave back a perfect echo. The company amused themselves, while waiting for the second boat-load, singing and shouting, every sound being faithfully given back. Then came a steeper ascent, and all were panting and glowing when they reached the top, so warm was the day, and without a breath of wind. The view was very fine, however, and, as Ellen wrote to her mother, "I assure you we were hungry enough to enjoy dinner; and such a sumptuous one I never saw at a picnic. Lobster patés, chicken cutlets, red and white wine-jellies, cakes, and oranges. Then speeches and toasts! Mr. Rosen gave, 'The President of the United States,' adding very flattering remarks on the 'fair representatives of that country now present.' The drive home in the cool of the day, facing a brilliant sunset, was the best of all, and there I found Harry's letter. Do thank him for it. I enjoyed every word. We are busy getting ready for our northern trip. Our passage from Throndhjem to North Cape and back is already engaged on the 'Michael Krohn,' which left here yesterday. Our state-room is quite large, with four berths, a

washstand and table, and is amidships. The steamer carries about fifty passengers, and is very neat and nice, Mr. Erlsen says. We leave next Wednesday, June 21, at nine, take a steamer across Lake Mjøsen to Hamar, the railroad to Koppang, and spend the night, reach Throndhjem Thursday night, which will be St. John's night, so we shall see bonfires and fireworks innumerable.

"Yesterday we had a delightful excursion, rowing to Hovedö, the largest island in the harbor, about a mile from Christiania, to see the ruins of an old abbey. The row across, and the view from the island, were most delightful. Looking towards Christiania, we had the fortress with its towers and walls directly opposite on a projecting tongue of land. On the curving shore to the eastward was the old city of Oslo, and in a similar curve to the west, the comparatively new city of Christiania, and beyond that, villages half hidden in trees, back of all, the hills. We went carefully through the ruins, guided by a manuscript plan of Mr. Rosen's, including church, abbot's room, refectory, kitchen, hospitium, dormitories, etc. The abbey was founded by Cistercian monks from Lincoln, England, in 1147, and became immensely wealthy, including farms and pastures

now belonging to Birkengaard. Some of the wild flowers are said to have been brought from England by the monks; but I did not have time to explore as I wished. We had luncheon in a grove, and then rowed home. To-day we went shopping in Christiania, and paid a visit to the Storthing, or Parliament House. The principal room is semi-circular, like the Supreme Court in Washington, and is lighted by beautiful long windows.

"Of course we could not understand a word of the speeches, but we liked the President's face. I did not think that the majority of the members had a foreign look. They might have been Americans, perhaps a little more Western than Eastern in appearance."

Another afternoon they drove to Ekeberg, a wooded hill south of Oslo, going close to the fort and the fiord, and over a pretty bridge to an island, then left the carriage and were ferried to another island, where they made a call at a house in a beautiful pine grove. Most of the family were in the woods or on the water; but they gradually assembled from near and far, and welcomed their guests cordially. The lady was English, and her husband Norwegian, the engineer of the wonderful Drammen

railroad. They insisted upon the party staying to supper, after which they returned by steamer to Christiania, the sky still glowing with sunset hues, though it was nine o'clock. Next morning the girls walked into town and took their last Norwegian lesson, and called to say good-bye to Hermann's aunt, Mrs. Carlen, who treated them to wild strawberries, cherries, and seltzer water. The next day was devoted to packing and letters, the latter written with unusual affection, as they remembered that three weeks must now elapse before they could hear from home.

THRONDHJEM.

CHAPTER IX.

THRONDHJEM.

June 25, 188—.

THIS was the heading of Ellen's first letter after leaving Birkengaard, and she very naturally began with the query, "Did you ever see a word of ten letters with only two vowels? Can you realize that your little Ellen is away up in this fine old coronation city of the Norway kings? Throndhjem means throne-home, and is in line with the southern shore of Iceland. It is the most northern of large European cities, and was first called *Nideros;* for it is built at the mouth of the river Nid, which makes a most curious twist before emptying into its own fiord, so that the city is built on a peninsula shaped like a properly cut dress-pocket. The guide-book says 'like a fig;' but you and I are more familiar with dress-pockets than with fresh figs. I have no doubt that at this very moment you and your whole family, in your festal garments, are seated in Sander's Theatre, waiting to see Alfred march

in with the graduating class; and, being Harvard Commencement Day, it is of course hot, and you are all fanning and gasping, while here we are feeling rather chilly, in a large room at the Britannia Hotel, scribbling away on home letters.

"We left Christiania on Wednesday, Mr. and Miss Rosen, and we three girls. Mr. and Mrs. Erlsen saw us off, and of course Mr. Bennett was there too. Have I told you about him? He has been for more than twenty years the 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of northern tourists — for due consideration, of course. He is a walking bureau of information as to routes, trains, boats, etc., besides keeping a shop where all sorts of Norwegian curios and relics can be obtained. They say that Bennett is not his real name; that he is a graduate of one of the English universities, has a history, etc., etc. He is certainly a character, and very useful and obliging. He requested permission to introduce an English gentleman, and presently brought him forward, slipping his card into Annie's hand, she being the most dignified lady of the party.

"The stranger was grave and quiet, and, after exchanging a few remarks, left us; and we then examined his card, finding, 'Rev. Johns Harley Upton.' He soon returned, bringing a taller,

older man, whom he presented as his cousin, Mr. Vose. They had all their luggage in long white canvas bags like bolsters, which they pushed under their seats in the cars.

"They were rather stiff at first, as if they had been warned against American girls; and I never shall forget their bewildered faces when Margaret opened her bag and asked them if they liked crackers and ginger. I verily believe they expected fireworks, they were so relieved to see only 'biscuit and sweeties.'

"Mr. Erlsen says that candied ginger is not as common in England as with us; but they both condescended to partake and approve.

"We left the train at Eidsvold, noted as the place where the Norwegian Assembly met in 1814 and adopted their constitution. The Eidsvold Baths are also near here, and a monument to Henrik Wergeland, a poet, and the discoverer of the springs.

"The road had been rather uninteresting so far, and we were glad to embark at once on our steamer on Lake Mjøsen. This is the largest lake in Norway, is four hundred feet above the sea level, and said to be 1114 feet deep! So that if you dropped your ring or anything overboard, it would sink a thousand feet lower than the level

of the sea! It made me dizzy when Mr. Vose told me this; but the next fact was refreshingly prosaic: the best corn crops in Norway are raised around this lake.

"Our Englishmen had held a little aloof during the change from train to steamer, as if afraid that we should need too much help; but seeing that we were perfectly able to take care of ourselves, as to tickets, hand-luggage, seats, etc., and wanted nothing of them, they took heart, sat by us at dinner, became more and more animated, and in fact devoted themselves to us from that moment. They are well educated and gentlemanlike, and have travelled widely. We all spent Wednesday night at Koppang, where, as the guide-book says, are some of the finest and sweetest views in Norway. It is very funny how the trains stop at night, as if they were tired; but Mr. Upton thinks it is because the roads are very narrow, and, being often cut through rocks, are liable to slides and other obstacles for which it is better to have daylight. But at this season when it is hardly dark at all, it seems like over-caution.

[Note of later date. *Whether more bold or more bad, we know not, but engineers now run night trains.*]

"Next day we travelled from Koppang to Rφros, a mountain town two thousand feet above the sea, and famous for its copper mines. We saw great heaps of the ore; and Mr. Vose got out and took a piece, laying a copper penny in its place, as a fair exchange. Tell Harry that the ore from the best mine is said to have nearly eight per cent of copper; but the production has been limited by the difficulty of getting charcoal, the woods having been cut away for fuel; but now the works are carried on with coal brought by the railroad. Many hundred men are employed here. We stopped to dine at Rφros, and after seating ourselves in the dining-room, waited long and impatiently for some one to come and attend to us. At last Margaret could bear it no longer, and, going over to a side-board discovered plenty of dishes of salmon, cold meats, etc., from which we helped ourselves, gallantly assisted by the Englishmen. We afterwards learned that this was the custom here, a regular price being charged for a dinner; and, as Annie said, we at least had no fee to pay to a waiter. Between Koppang and Rφros, and for some distance beyond, we were very high among mountains, fifteen and twenty hundred feet above the sea level, and on each side of the valley in which the railroad is

built, the hills, many of them streaked with snow, rose as many more feet above us.

"The road lay usually close to the river, following its windings, so that whether looking forward or back, we could follow the course of the valley, with hills rising one behind another, bluer and bluer as they receded. From Elverum to Rφros, we followed the Glommen River, and beyond Rφros, almost to Throndhjem, the Gula. Sometimes we slowly climbed a hill, looking many hundred feet down into a ravine, the stream brawling at its base, and then a mountain stream would flash over steep cliffs into the river. The Gula was so clear that we could see every stone in its bed, the water of a beautiful green color.

"Sometimes it was calm and deep, faithfully reflecting every turf-roofed cottage at its side; and then of a sudden it would spread out its waters, and rush and tumble over the stones in frolicsome mood, until, just as suddenly, it seemed to remember its dignity and became as quiet as a lake.

"At many of the stations the train stopped several minutes, so that we had time for a promenade on the platform; and once we went into a field and gathered buttercups.

"Altogether it was a pleasant journey, and we reached here at nine last evening.

CATHEDRAL AT THRONDHJEM.

"A man from the hotel met us with a friendly greeting, Mr. Erlsen having written to engage rooms for us; but a party of English and Americans had seized the carriage he ordered, and we had to walk from the station, happily not very far. We spent most of this morning at the Cathedral, Mr. Upton and Mr. Vose with us, quite as a matter of course; and really they add very much to our pleasure, having travelled so much, and now that their stiffness has worn off, they talk very well.

[Ellen wrote this sentence in all innocence, little thinking of its results in Cambridge.]

"You must know that King Olaf Haroldsen, who was killed in battle in 1030, was worshipped as a martyr, and became the patron saint of Norway. A well of pure water sprang up where he was buried, and is still shown near the south wall of the choir of this Cathedral.

"His bones were kept in a shrine there, but were stolen, and no one now knows where they are.

"The Cathedral has suffered from three fires, and little of the original building remains; but there are some exquisite bits of carving, and some of the capitals of the columns were like stone lace, or, as Annie said, 'frozen feathers,' in their delicacy. I send you a photograph of the east

door, which is quite Norman. We tried to find out how old the very oldest part is, but could not, and I was really glad, but you need n't tell Harry, for now I shall not have to remember it. Restorations are going on, in the Gothic style, and we are glad to have seen it before any more is done.

"From the cathedral, we and our Englishmen went to see a waterfall near Lerfos. The water goes over rocks in one huge mass, and reaches the base in a cloud of spray. Now I must say good-bye.

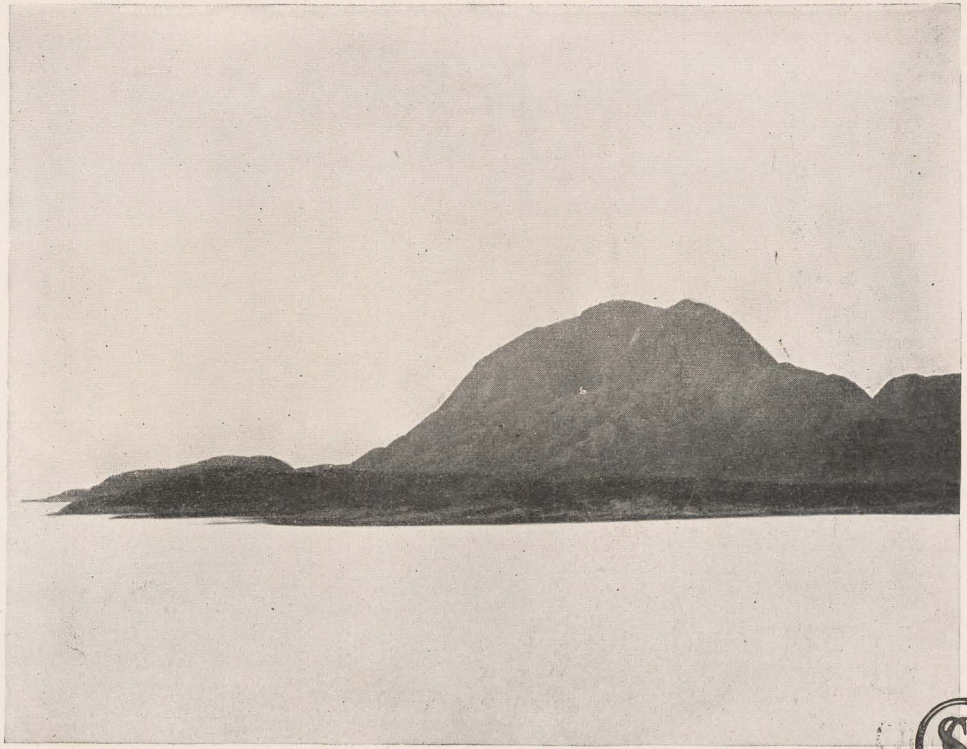
"Your loving

"ELLEN."

Ellen's Journal.

Saturday, June 27.
Steamer "Michael Krohn."

Here we are seated on the steamer deck, following a winding channel among snow-topped, rocky islands. We left Throndhjem at midnight, our devoted Englishmen escorting us on board. They seem now to consider us under their care, and almost resent it if we allow others to do anything for us. After breakfast we came into a bit of rough sea, and succumbed to forlornness below for several hours. Fortunately, the scenery was



TORGHATTEN.

uninteresting just then; but after awhile both we and the landscape rallied and improved, the hills growing steeper and snow-crowned; and about nine in the afternoon, as the captain calls it, we dropped anchor near the high mountain Torghatten, where most of us crowded into a boat and were rowed to the shore, where we began a rough scrambling climb to the wonderful hole that goes directly through the mountain. There were only four ladies to twelve gentlemen, so we had all needful help. It is a square opening, four hundred feet above the sea, over sixty feet high, with the huge domelike top of the mountain above it. A few of us walked through it, about five hundred feet. In a crevice at the other side, we found a bottle containing the names of a party, so ours were written and added; and thus we learned for the first time the names and homes of our fellow-passengers. There was a Boston physician, an Italian count, a Norwegian reader, a London barrister, an English student, two Scotchmen, our charming captain, Margaret, Thora Rosen, and myself.

It was very strange to stand at one end of the cave and look through it.

First, you saw the rough stony sides and the floor of the cave, scattered with granite blocks,

then a fringe of green on the farther side, and down below, the sea, studded with islands, and mountains rising along the horizon.

I found some interesting flowers, one or two Ericaceæ, an orchid, Pinguicula vulgaris, and had quite a botanical talk with the Scotch doctor.

We had hardly exchanged a word with any one before, but this little scramble broke up all formality. Mutual interests and even mutual friends were discovered, and all became easy and friendly.

[It was with a happy smile that Ellen thus wrote; but a few weeks later her innocent words were read by one of her friends with a stern face and set teeth, and the hardly repressed demand of her unsuspecting mother, "Are you mad to let that little rosebud go fluttering about the world for Tom, Dick, and Harry to win and wear?"]

The other ladies are Norwegian and Scotch. We had rather scoffed at the Scotch one, because she sat on deck and read David Copperfield no matter how picturesque the landscape; but Torg's hat seemed to rouse her, and she was as enthusiastic as anybody. The Italian count was from Bologna, and carried the big door-key of his palace wherever he went. Cousin John will laugh when I finish the list with a New York newspaper

correspondent; and Margaret begs Annie and me not to say anything original or poetical lest he put it in one of his letters. But, seriously, I think that they will be worth reading; because he will tell so much that we are too lazy or too ignorant to attempt. I will let you know when they begin. He is very entertaining, and seems to have had hair-breadth escapes from every conceivable danger, in every known land.

Then there are two American youths; but we are not much interested in them. "Enough of them at home," Margaret says. Our captain is a paragon of thoughtful kindness for everybody.

We have had frequent showers, which give most lovely effects as they pass by, hanging in white draperies over the mountains, and followed by rainbows forming perfect arches framing lovely views of snow-crowned hills.

Sunday.

We had service on deck to-day, Mr. Upton officiating, while we were gliding among rugged mountains where innumerable little brooklets came tumbling down over the cliffs into the sea. I kept thinking, "The strength of the hills is His also" and "The mountains shall give peace to the people." About three o'clock we reached a place called Mo, which is quite consoling in its

brevity after Throndhjem, etc. We girls, and the captain, and most of the other passengers went ashore and wandered up to a little churchyard and along a wood road; and then the captain got the key, and we went into the church. There were some paintings of sacred subjects; but the most interesting thing was a carved and painted reredos, probably many hundred years old, and quaint and ugly in proportion. It was stored in a loft. I longed to sketch it, but, oh, dear! what and when do I *not* long to sketch? We have seen countless charming bits to-day: houses with tiled or turfed roofs, and painted red or yellow; men with bright scarlet woollen caps; women with white kerchiefs, fleets of little boats, very high and sharp at both prow and stern and a beautiful curve between. We saw our first Lapp to-day; but he must have been a very favorable specimen, as he was neither extremely short nor remarkably ugly. It is too cold on deck to write any more, and I cannot bear to go below. So good-bye. I shall post this at Bodö.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

On Sunday, June 29, Ellen and her friends in the "Michael Krohn" crossed the Arctic Circle. Though midnight, it was as light as day. They left the supper table at eleven, for night was now literally turned into day, and morning was their usual bed-time. At the moment of crossing, the sun was hidden by clouds, and just on the line was a strange island called Hestmandsø, or horseman's island. Approaching, the girls saw this horseman, his heavy cloak flying out behind him. He is supposed to have been turned into stone while rushing to seek his beloved, the maiden of Leckø. The horse is left to the imagination; but the man's helmeted head is very good.

They went up on the bridge of the steamer to watch for the midnight sun, and to find, if possible, some trace of the polar circle. Everybody was very lively; and the newspaper man said if they were cold, they had only to double the North Cape, and all would be comfortable. At about

one, the sun shone on its upward way; and after watching the light on the hills for awhile, they turned in and managed to sleep a few hours, though Annie had to bandage her eyes with a black veil to counterfeit darkness.

Monday was spent sailing among the Loffoden Isles, and no one could think of words sufficient to describe their wild beauty. The guide-book says that they "rise along the horizon like the jaws of antediluvian sharks;" but that only gives their shape; no words can express the gradations of color, — the spectral snowy cliffs against each other and the sky. From Bodö the steamer crossed the Vest Fiord, and, for a few hours, felt the swell of the open sea. The captain invited the girls up on the bridge, as the place most protected from the wind; improbable as that sounds, it was true, for the canvas around it sheltered them completely. The unending succession of mountains was as impossible to remember as to describe. Ellen wrote, "We shall never believe afterwards how wonderful and beautiful they were; and *now* we have forgotten how level ground looks. I can imagine a Chicagoan almost losing his wits in such waves of amazement. The only thing that holds us down to earth is the occasional waft we get of most ancient and fish-

like odors from the huge piles of dried fish on the shores we pass."

June 30.
OFF TROMSÖ.

Yesterday afternoon the captain gave the party another little run on shore. Under overhanging snow-mountains they walked through birch woods and picked yellow violets, seeing several Lapps, flat-faced dwarfish little creatures, in dingy brown frocks. The gentlemen tried to talk with them in Norwegian, and, failing utterly, sang Pinafore songs to them and declaimed dialogues in the most comical manner; but nothing moved them from their stolidity till the "Never? what, never?" scene was given. They evidently thought that a fight was to ensue, and were visibly disappointed by a peaceful ending. In the evening there was a concert on deck, one of the Scotchmen singing Burns' ballads delightfully, and the newspaper correspondent improvising some capital verses descriptive of his journey and fellow-passengers, to the tune of "Marching through Georgia," only they were "Sailing round Norway." All joined in the chorus. The four girls had the ladies' cabin to themselves that night, and hoped to sleep unusually well; but, alas! about three o'clock in the morning, the water came

rushing through a porthole over Ellen's bed, leaving her so thoroughly drenched and wakened that she dressed and read "Quits" for an hour. "I am enjoying it even more than the first time, and it is thoroughly in accord with our out-of-door adventurous summer."

Next morning they reached Tromsö, went ashore and walked about, attracting a crowd of Lapps and Norwegians. A friendly little old man escorted the party to the Museum and Art Gallery. There was one amazing picture of the "Hestmandsϕ" and the midnight sun, with ducks, exactly like Marion's magnetic toys, and flaming starfish on the rocks in the foreground. There were also quaint carvings, Lapp dresses, etc.; but best of all they enjoyed a silver shop that Mr. Vose discovered; and, in return for Ellen's having mended his gloves, he presented her with a souvenir of the town, a silver-gilt ring, cost thirty-seven cents. "Our pleasant party will be broken up at Hammerfest, where the Boston physician, Mr. Murray, and the Bolognese (door-key and all) start overland for the Gulf of Bothnia, — a long and severe journey. The doctor has promised to report to Harry if he ever gets back to Boston. I have spent a delightfully peaceful afternoon, sitting on deck, writing home, and watching the exquisite

TROMSØ.

changing lights on sea and shore, and the boats constantly coming and going with sailing parties. The blessed captain has been careering about in his own little punt, and has now lent it to Mr. Murray and Thora Rosen, who are rowing ashore. We are conspiring to give the captain a telescope, as a slight token of our grateful regard."

Friday, July 2d, 7 A.M.

Here I am on deck, and here I have been all night! Yesterday we went ashore at Hammerfest, in search of reindeer. We walked for some time along the bank of a snow river, crossed it and climbed over stony hills which the Scotchmen declared were exactly like their moors; the ground was covered with moss, and here and there prostrate willows and birches and pink heath-like flowers made lovely patches of color. We only saw the reindeer in the distance, though the captain and the "Times" correspondent ran gallantly off to try and turn them towards us. A great herd of them has come here, led by that strange uncontrollable instinct of theirs to reach and drink of the sea, of which we read so beautiful an account last year in Crawford's "History of a Cigarette Maker."

In many places we walked through snow which

I have never but once before seen in July, and that was in the deep cleft at Dixville Notch. We were told that the snow was forty feet deep here last winter. Going back, we crossed a bog. You would have laughed to see the captain swing me over the pools. I put one hand on his shoulder, he grasped me by the elbow, and I flew!

Wednesday night we saw the most beautiful sight we have had yet. After our usual concert, at which the captain and chief engineer sang Norse songs, I came on deck with Doctor Strong for a breath of air.

It had been cloudy, but just then the sun shone out, lighting up the mountain peaks behind us, and as the clouds lifted more and more, and the steamer entered a broad fiord, the effects of light and shade were fairly unearthly. "The light that never was on sea or land." The water was perfectly calm, and reflected the golden gray clouds and blue sky overhead, and the red bars of the northwest. It was all so strange and beautiful that I stayed on and on till two o'clock. It seemed a sin to sleep amid such glories.

Of course the consequence was that I had to spend the next afternoon in making up my lost sleep, and in preparation for the North Cape,

NORTH CAPE.

which we reached at half-past ten. We all went ashore and began the ascent on the northwest side of the cliff. It was very steep, and one after another dropped from the ranks. I tried my best to keep up courage, breath, and muscle by remembrances of White Face and Chocorua, and by thinking how proud I should be to write of having stood upon the top; but at last it seemed to me a shame to keep Dr. Strong and the captain in attendance upon me, — the last lady left, — and I begged them to leave me and go on. After some protests, they consented, and I was almost alone on that grim arctic steep. Not quite, for three panting fellow-travellers were within hailing distance below me. But I was quite free to think my own thoughts, and follow my own devices, as they did not see me.

I had not been so alone for weeks; it was very restful and very solemn. Below me lay the bay, quiet and gray, no color anywhere, save in the red hull of the "Michael Krohn," and the flags flying from her masts. At my right, rose steep, black, jagged cliffs, made more sombre by lines of white, where snow still lingered in ravines; and near by, down dashing in foam, a little mountain brook, its rush the only sound that broke the solemn stillness.

I am not sure that I did not enjoy that half hour of solitude on the bleak cliffs more than I should have the top, with everybody oh-ing and ah-ing, and then having to hurry down. It always hurts so to turn away from a grand height! I looked at my watch. It was half-past one in the morning. I thought of you all, and how little you dreamed that your Ellen was perched alone at that uncanny hour on the northernmost height in Europe.

By and by my botanical curiosity awoke, and I explored every cranny and crevice in my downward way, finding much that was new and interesting, as you shall see some day. Just as I reached the shore, I heard the triumphant shouts of the eight who had gained the top, and presently returned in varying stages. They all gave such vivid accounts of the dangers from snow and precipices, that I was consoled for having turned back. The captain and Dr. Strong came laden with flowers and stones from the summit, which they poured into my lap as I sat in the boat; and we rowed back to the steamer singing "While we go sailing round Norway." Then the "Michael Krohn" put out a little farther, and anchored for fishing. Several large cod were caught. Whenever the captain hooked a fish, he

would call one of us ladies to pull it in, that we might seem to be having good luck; and thus he won our hearts more and more. You will tremble for us when I add that he is only thirty-one, and, as far as we know, unmarried.

By this time it was five o'clock, and as the doctor and the others are to leave us at Hammerfest, where we were due at seven, it was voted not to go to bed at all. Annie and Thora Rosen went below to lie down awhile; but Margaret and I had been drinking coffee, and were very wide awake, so stayed on deck with Mr. Rosen and the others, and the time passed cheerfully in singing, reciting poetry, and relating adventures.

. . . . . .

We are still several hours from Hammerfest. It is more beautiful than ever, and much less cold. They say we have had an unusually quiet time crossing this stretch of open sea. I cannot realize that I have been up all night. There *is* no time here. It is worse than Washington for that, tell Sidney.

We have breakfast at about ten, dinner at four or five, supper at ten again, and never think of turning in before midnight. We are feeling sober about parting with these pleasant companions; but Dr. Strong we surely hope to see in Boston

on our return, and Mr. Murray we may meet in Edinburgh. I am afraid you will have trouble in reading all this, for the screw makes such jerks that I can hardly form the letters.

There was indeed trouble, Ellen, but not to your patient mother, who read with ease the most blurred passages. It was Sidney who found, between their frank and artless lines, a firmly friendly determination to hold him back and show him that some one — was it Hugh or was it some one of these impertinent strangers — had taken the place he had foolishly hoped was his. Why had he been so fearful of being precipitate last year? Why had he spared her girlish shyness before he went to Europe, deceiving himself with the hope that she was growing gradually to a knowledge of his love, and that, when he returned, absence would have taught her to miss him, and he would only need to show her his heart, to win hers in return? O blindly foolish! Had she not even then understood him, and urged his joining his family abroad, for the purpose of discouraging his advances? He had thought her an unconscious child; but it had not been so. Girls were born women, it seemed! She had consistently held herself aloof; and the sweet response he had

fondly hoped he read in her shy eyes, faltering voice, and fluttering color, in that crowded hour last autumn, when she and Harry had met him and Jessie on their incoming steamer, was only her distress at seeing the more than brotherly joy with which he had greeted her.

Then had come his sister Anna's wedding, and he and Ellen had been much together as usher and bride-maiden, but always in a crowd; and she had been so lovely in her bridal white that he had resolved that not another day should pass, but going — had found her weeping over the news of Hugh Harley's death, and unable to speak of anything else.

Then had followed his father's alarming illness in Washington, calling and detaining the whole family there for many weeks.

Why had he not written? Half because he was jealous of Hugh, half because, if Ellen's love were to be his, he wished to see it in her eyes, her cheeks, and not on paper. And when Mr. Carruth's recovery brought them all back to Boston, the first news he heard was that his treasure was going away with Hugh's sisters! He saw her but once, and how cool and quiet had been her farewell!

And now — worst of all — he must believe that

poor Hugh's shadow had *not* been between them; but he had let her go away fancy-free, to be caught by the first attractive stranger who had the sense to appreciate her, and in the kindness of her heart she says, "*tell Sidney*," and not merely the surface joke about happy old times, but that "of course she is to meet this paragon of doctors again!" Oh, kindly, cruel little hand, to prepare her friend to be utterly supplanted! —and the flimsy foreign sheet was crushed in a way that took the young man a long time to repair.

GROUP OF LAPPS.

CHAPTER XI.

SAILING ROUND NORWAY.

Ellen's Journal.

IN KŒNANGEN FIORD,
July 3. 188—, 3 P. M.

WE have been here since three o'clock this morning, taking in a thousand barrels of herring. We stopped at the extreme end of a long, narrow, winding fiord, so narrow that in some places it seemed as if our steamer could not find a channel.

Only very small steamers have come this way before; so whenever we approached a settlement, out came men, women, and children in hot haste to see the wondrous sight. We passed many waterfalls, some mere threads on the mountain side, others like masses of falling snow; and we saw one singular river bed with several terraces rising on each side.

It had grown very cold; but Annie and I sat near the funnel, wrapped in a wolfskin coat of the captain's. When we came to Kœnangen and saw a Lapp hut among the birches on shore, we had a

wild idea of landing, nipped in the bud by the captain; so we turned in, and, in spite of a donkey-engine working over my head, I slept soundly till ten. Now the mosquitoes are so thick that I must stop writing and put my head under cover.

ODDVAER, July 5th.
(On one of the Loffoden Islands.)

Saturday was foggy and rainy, and after a good walk up and down the deck with Mr. Rosen, I am bundled up in rugs watching the fog wreaths on the mountains, which threaten soon to shroud them altogether. Yesterday we did not wake till ten, having had a cloudy night; breakfasted at noon, and going on deck, found flags flying and the stars and stripes on the foremast in honor of the day. One of the officers had spent most of the night making an American flag, as they had none on board. I examined it when they took it down; the stars (only twelve!) were cut out of cotton and sewed on. The captain shook hands with Annie and Margaret and me, and congratulated us. Sunday was cold and foggy, so we had service below, and Mr. Upton gave us an excellent sermon; he also played the piano and led the singing of hymns. It was so cold that we girls sat close to the leeward side of the

funnel, piled over with rugs and the wolfskin coat on top.

In the afternoon I put the coat on and went up on the bridge, much to the amusement of the sailors. The pilot insisted that I was the captain, and, taking my hand, made with it the signal to the man at the wheel. This morning I was awakened at 7.30 by the water pouring in at my porthole. They were washing the deck. I dressed and ran up, finding the bluest of fiords; and we were stopping at a quaint little fishing town.

I did my best to make a sketch before we started again. When I showed it to the captain, and asked if he recognized it, he slowly answered: "Yes — I know it; but you have left out one house." I thought if I had left out only one, I had done well. We reached here at nine; and after breakfast the captain took us ashore, one at a time, in his punt, and joined us in a stroll. We followed the shore, and were soon glad to rest in the shade of a rock, the sun was so hot.

Before us lay the little fishing village, with its red, turfed-roof houses, and the narrow channel through which our steamer had made her way; and all around us were jagged mountains, the highest 4,200 feet. We were so charmed with

the place that we half wanted to stay till the "Michael Krohn" went northward again. Among the rocks we found ferns and the lovely Andromeda polyfolia which Linnæus mentions with such affection in his "Tour in Lapland." I rowed the captain back, much to his amusement; but unfortunately I ran the bow plump against the steamer, which took down my pride. We are getting under weigh now, having taken in 17,000 pounds of dried fish.

Afternoon.

We stopped again a long time at Hopen, and took in barrels on barrels more, and went on board the "Johan Schonning," another boat of this line; but we much prefer the "Michael Krohn.' That night we saw the midnight sun for the last time, and more free from clouds than ever before, the kind captain going out of his course to give us a favorable view of it.

July 7th.

Yesterday was windy and rainy; but we stayed on deck, well wrapped and well amused, for the newspaper correspondent recited Scotch ballads (he is a Scot), told Norse legends, quoted Lowell, and narrated anecdotes of Coleridge and the Kingsleys, whom he personally knew.

He is going to send us copies of his letters

BJØRN AND SEVEN SISTERS MOUNTAINS.

about this trip, and they are sure to be good; but I hope you will still value mine a little.

About ten we reached Björn, a small town in great excitement over its annual fair. We landed and walked through the narrow, muddy streets, crowded with people, all on pleasure bent.

You would have laughed, could you have seen me and the captain springing from stone to stone to escape the mud, up hill and down, now stopping to look for old silver, and now to ask questions. In one place there was a well-filled merry-go-round, spinning away to the tune of "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*" The peasant costumes were not very striking; but every woman wore a kerchief on her head, usually white with a colored border, sometimes of embroidered muslin or lace, but more frequently of ordinary cotton. Some faces were extremely pretty. Altogether it was a most picturesque scene.

We had supper at midnight, and then sat on the bridge with the others, watching a glorious sunset, not fading but changing into a still more gorgeous sunrise, the red of the first melting and glowing into gold, while the hills took on wonderful successions of color; those farthest north were golden green. Oh, it was unspeakably strange and beautiful!

Annie had just given me the Nineteenth Psalm to read, as the best expression of the glory of the night; and I shall ever after behold this scene when I read, "In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

We stayed on deck till nearly three, refreshed by coffee to keep our poor bodies up to concert pitch with our spirits. To-day, we have all been writing letters, hoping to reach Throndhjem late to-night; and from there they can go by train to Christiania.

We hope to get letters also, which will be a joy indeed, as our last American date was June 3d.

The ever-thoughtful captain has telegraphed to a friend to get them for us, as we shall arrive after the office is closed. Now for a few hours of sleep.

The eleventh of July found our girls on land once more, at Holdt's Hotel, Bergen, where, in spite of two weeks of steamer life, they all

admitted feeling a little homesick for the sea, the steamer "Michael Krohn," and the captain. Ellen had two dearly welcome letters at Throndhjem, — one from her mother and one from Amy; but she complained that nobody told her half enough of the little home particulars.

"Do give me details: some of Marion's pretty sayings," she wrote to Harry. "Who inquires for me? How is Captain Jerry? Have you shot a snowy owl? Did Harvard win at New London?"

They lost one of their parsons at Throndhjem, but were becoming better acquainted with the Scotch students and the two Americans, and found them very pleasant.

They reached Christiansund, Thursday: the prettiest town they had seen, built on four islands, with a narrow sea entrance between. It was pretty to see the graceful way in which the captain brought in the steamer, swinging round into line with a long row of sailing vessels at the wharf. The party went ashore and walked about, passing a queer old church with a mosque-like dome and 1725 on the vane.

At last they found a silversmith's, and Ellen bought quite a large spoon for six kroner, — about a dollar and thirty-seven cents.

The scenery after leaving Throndhjem was less

interesting than before. In one place they passed near a large rock, and each gentleman was given a piece of coal to throw at it. At the first attempt all fell short, it was so much farther off than it looked; but most of them succeeded the second time.

Nearing Molde, the views became lovely, not grand and awful like those within the Arctic Circle, but very, very beautiful, — soft blue mountains with a background of snow-capped ones.

It was after midnight, and very cloudy and dark, when they reached Molde, and the captain sent up Roman candles and golden rain with charming effect. As if in response, a bridal procession came singing down to the shore as they were leaving, and the captain gallantly set off more fireworks, and the steamer departed amid the waving of many handkerchiefs.

All this festivity delayed breakfast till twelve, after which all hurried on deck to see the cliffs of Hornelen, which rise two thousand four hundred feet directly from the water. In some places their faces are as smooth as if cut with a knife. The Scots compared the vistas of hills here, and the winding fiords, to their own loch country, though on a larger scale.

A succession of showers greeted the approach

to Bergen; and scores of gulls followed the steamer, swooping for the bits of hardtack thrown them, uttering their hoarse cries.

Ellen's Journal.

We turned in before reaching our pier, and, coming on deck before six next morning, found more rain, in spite of which we lost our hearts, at first sight, to the quaint old town, its red roofs clustered at the bases of its seven hills, the houses looking fairly toy-like beside the grandeur of their mountain framing. Very soon a man came on board with a note for Mr. Rosen, saying that our rooms were engaged; and we bade a sad farewell to our devoted captain and were rowed ashore.

It was lively work threading our way through a maze of flying boats, large and small, scudding steamers, and puffing tugs; but all too soon we were in a prosaic carriage, our eyes alert for silver-smith shops, furriers, and carved-wood dealers. So many of our fellow-passengers dropped in to breakfast, that we felt quite "Michael Krohn-y," and the next duty was to go with them to select the marine glass for our Captain Björnstadt. We had money enough for a binocular and a small

telescope, and sent several on board from which he was to choose.

We three girls were then going back to our hotel, when we spied a case of old silver, and going in at the nearest doorway, squeezed through a passage so narrow that we had to go edgewise, arriving at last in a kitchen where bowls of cream stood curdling on a stove, and beyond that was a sitting-room with one or two show-cases and an old man with spectacles and a black skull-cap. Such a funny figure! On our asking for *gamle sölv*, he brought out some very handsome rings and one or two pins and clasps. I bought a fascinating pin with gilt dangles, and each of the girls bought rings. Thora Rosen understands how to bargain with these people; so we paid a krone less for each than the man at first asked.

These streets are dangerously tempting. We had hardly escaped Scylla, when we fell into Charybdis and bought more rings, and then shut our eyes resolutely and fled to our hotel. A brother of Mr. Rosen soon called and welcomed us kindly to Bergen. In the afternoon his daughter came and took us to drive, and invited us to dinner. We spent the rest of the morning sitting out on a charming balcony surrounded by flowers, studying, and trying to sketch the quaint houses and the passers-by.

Our drive was delightful in spite of several showers, which are a Bergen specialty. We are told that the mean temperature of the whole year is 45° Fahrenheit, and even in winter it rarely falls below fifteen; but the average rainfall is 72 inches, that of Christiania only 20! Our evening with the Rosens was very pleasant. Miss Anna speaks English well, but very shyly. One of her sisters was named Inga. After dinner we took another drive, and had another shower, but persevered, winding up beautiful hills, and following branches of the fiord, and finally leaving the carriage and climbing steeps fairly blue with harebells.

One charming custom here is to put turf on top of the stone walls, so that they are often waving with ferns, grasses, and daisies. The air was sweet with newly mown hay drying on the fence-like frames they use here. With so much rain, I suppose it would never dry on the ground. At last we reached our destination, a farm of the new Mr. Rosen's, far, far up among the mountains, but with still higher steeps beyond. The view through long vistas of hills to red-roofed Bergen, and in another direction over a fiord dotted with islands and out to the open sea, was poetically beautiful.

Margaret made all laugh by exclaiming. "No wonder Ole Bull was born here, and all those poets the guide-book told about!"

We had supper with these hospitable Rosens on returning from this expedition, and were really ashamed of our appetites. It was a blow on reaching our hotel, to find that Mr. Upton and Mr. Vose had left for the Hardanger Fiord in our absence.

This morning the Bergen-Rosen girls came and took us to walk. It was raining of course; but off we went to the Museum, and feasted our eyes upon gold ornaments and beautiful old wood carvings, church doors, cabinets, beds, and a desk which it broke my heart not to get for Cousin John.

We rejoiced to see some rings just like those we had bought, and there was a fine altar-piece in carved oak, with wings, said to be of Cologne workmanship, of the sixteenth century.

The old tankards and drinking horns would have made your mouth water, and the china — but I forbear.

We are talking with the Bergen-Rosens about making up a party with us for the Hardanger Fiord next week; and the father has already engaged a courier, and is to send his own carriage

to meet us when we leave the steamer, so we shall travel "en prince."

The sun is actually trying to shine; but I fear that precedent will be so much against him that he will be discouraged.

In spite of all these clouds, the people here are remarkably cheerful and lively; and I have felt as merry as a grig ever since I came. Do you suppose it is the exhilarating effect of so much ammonia in the incessant rain? I offer the suggestion to Cousin John as the basis of an article for the "Pop. Sci."

Tell dear Dr. Bonney that one of his gold pieces is going into this Hardanger excursion, and another in old spoons, one of which (you need n't say) is for Mrs. Bonney.

To-morrow we drive again with these dear Rosens, and go up the Bolstad Fiord in a little steamer. This afternoon we plan a prowl among the shops. You see we keep busy; but the air is so fine we are never over-tired. I never felt better in my life; and Margaret does not dare to be weighed any more, she is so afraid that she is gaining. Even Annie is getting rosy, and has learned to laugh again, and to sleep soundly at night.

It would please you to see how kindly the people here feel towards Americans.

CHAPTER XII.

BERGEN.

MID-JULY found Ellen and her companions still in merry-moisty Bergen; and for a few days the hills put off their veils, and blue skies and clear sunshine prevailed.

Their new friends, the Rosens of Bergen, spared no pains to make their stay pleasant. A second dinner with them was followed by a second excursion to their hill farm, which was doubly attractive in fair weather.

The next day our five travellers and three of the Rosen cousins embarked at six in the morning on a little steamer bound for a narrow water-way called Bolstad Fiord. The weather was fine as they puffed away from the wharf, soft misty streaks upon the hills the only traces of past showers. The view of the town from the harbor was most lovely, its red roofs clustered on each side of the fiord, and sheltered by the seven hills whose names Margaret was reciting, not without stumbling, to her favorite Inga Rosen.

"Sandvigsfjeld, Flöifjeld, Ulriken, Levstakken, Damsgaardsfjeld, Lyderhorn, and Askefjeld."

"They are worse than our Elizabeth Islands, Cuttyhunk, Naushon, Pennikese, and the rest," said Ellen, when the lesson was over; "you might tell Inga of them in return; but, oh, dear! how those mists are creeping down again!" It was even so. A soft fog curtain was descending over the picturesque landscape, gradually enveloping town, hills, and mountains, and hugging the steamer closely, save when now and then a thin place in its folds would reveal tantalizing glimpses of distant heights, golden in sunlight and backed with blue skies.

"It will not last; have no fear," said Anna Rosen; and as they were now summoned below to breakfast, Ellen cheerfully remarked that it was quite as well not to have to leave too lovely a landscape for the baser joys of the table. And, sure enough, when they came on deck after a hearty meal, the mists had dispersed entirely, and the world seemed all the fairer for their fears.

"Dear little Bergen," said Annie Harley, as a twist in the winding fiord hid it from view, "can it be only a week since we first saw you from the 'Michael Krohn'?" On and on went the little steamer, pursuing the fiord on its winding way

into the land, now stopping at a settlement of two or three houses, then at a manufacturing town surprisingly neat and prosperous-looking, and then at a wharf where only one house was in sight.

"What do they make here?" asked Ellen, at one of the larger towns; and the captain told her "woollen jackets for fishermen," which she stored mentally for her next home letter, wishing that she had money or trunk space enough to carry back a bale of them to give to Cap'n Jerry and her other Cape Cod friends.

Mr. Rosen meanwhile had been gathering information too, and presently came to impart it to the girls.

"They tell me that a railroad is being built along the shores of this fiord, from Bergen to Voss," he began. "How does that strike you by way of courageous enterprise? Could you Americans do more?"

"No, indeed!" cried they all. "Why, where is there level enough for even a beginning, much less a going on?"

"It is indeed a succession of tunnels," said Mr. Rosen; "the openings are the exception, the tunnels the rule; and fifty men were killed during the first fifty miles."

"Oh, how terrible!" said Annie. "How can it be wise to carry on a work so difficult and so dangerous, when there is so little traffic, and Nature has given this fiord to travel upon and carry freight?"

"And not rocks alone to contend with," said Ellen, "but all these streams to cross. Just look at that one tearing and tumbling and roaring down into the fiord! And we have passed a dozen such; would not they have to be bridged, and would that not be very expensive?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Rosen; "but think of all the tourists who will patronize the road, to say nothing of the produce of these rich farms and marble quarries which can then go swiftly to market."

"Oh, who would choose a railroad when there is a steamer to be had!" cried Margaret. "Who had not rather glide softly around these wonderful bends, than go screaming through choky smoky tunnels?"

"People who have but a week or two to see all Norway," answered her sister, quietly. "Everybody is not as idle and as fortunate as we are; and do you not remember finding the railroad through Crawford Notch quite as picturesque as the old stage route; and how glad Hugh was to go so quickly and smoothly?"

"And how many people prefer the railroad up Mt. Washington, to the bridle-path or the stage," added Ellen; "but all the same I rejoice that we are on the water, and have plenty of time to go sailing through lovely Norway. How exquisite the view is just here; and how comical it is to be on salt water, and yet far inland and close to woods and pastures and cottages all the time!"

The hours went sunnily on till three o'clock brought them to Bolstadtsören, the end of the fiord; and after a brief stop, they turned and came back to Garnæs, where the Rosen carriages were to meet them.

Margaret was more than ever glad that they were not travelling by rail, when she was told that there were nine tunnels between this place and the next station.

As the steamer approached the pier, a waving handkerchief informed them that their friends were already there; and soon Mrs. Rosen and Inga were distinguished, and in half an hour all were together and speeding away, amid joyful greetings, on their twenty-one mile drive back to Bergen. Up-hill and down-dale, beside lonely streams and placid lakes, through quaint little villages where all the dogs ran out to bark and the children to gaze; on and on they gayly rolled.

"How lovely this Bergen peasant dress would be for a fancy party!" said Ellen, as they passed a group of girls wearing red bodices, white waists, embroidered stomachers, and black skirts, to which some added a long white apron. "I am going to get a photograph of one to send to Jessie Carruth. Would she not be captivating in it? See that tall girl with her hair rolled with red worsted! It makes a rosy aureole around her head!"

"That shows that she is unmarried," said Mrs. Rosen; "the married women's head-dress is of white cotton stretched over a wooden frame; there is one now, at that cottage door."

"I must have a photograph like that, too," said Ellen.

"How pretty most of the girls here are!" remarked Margaret; "and how many have that fascinating combination of dark eyes with fair hair and rosy cheeks!" She was looking at a peasant girl as she spoke, but receiving no answer, glanced up to realize that both Mrs. Rosen and her two daughters could claim her admiration for the same charms.

They were all smiling and blushing at each other.

"Bergen ladies have always been noted for

their lovely complexions," said Mr. Rosen of Christiania, coming to their aid; "so perhaps the perpetual mists and rains have their compensations after all."

And now the beautiful day came to an end in the still more delightful evening, and the liveliness of the girls was gradually changed to a more pensive and dreamy mood, and finally to actual drowsiness, for it was midnight when at last they returned to Holdt's Hotel, where they gladly tumbled into beds and dreams in almost the same moment.

The next day was spent in rambling through the Bergen shops; especially did they linger at a famous fur store, feasting their eyes on much, and buying a little. Ellen chose a muff of eider-down for herself, and several pounds of it for pillows for Cousin Miranda. Annie Harley secured a dark gray squirrel cloak-lining, while Margaret and Miss Thora Rosen preferred grebe muffs.

The next day they bade a reluctant farewell to pretty Bergen, their comfortable hotel, and the kind Rosens. Their farewell walk was up one of the seven hills, by a zigzag road between neat and cosy peasant houses, the windows decked with white lace curtains and gay with plants; and they also visited one of the ware-houses on the

Tydske Brygge or German wharf, unchanged since the time of the Hanseatic acceptance of Bergen, hundreds of years ago. This part of the town was kept entirely distinct, surrounded by a wall, and only the members of the league lived there. No woman was allowed within their limits, and marriage with a native was strictly forbidden.

"Good-bye, dear Bergen," said Ellen, as they steamed up the Hardanger Fiord. "Oh, girls, don't you hope we shall come again some day!"

"Yes, indeed I do," cried Margaret, impulsively. "I will make it a condition, if I am ever married, that my wedding journey shall be through Norway."

"That would be easily arranged with Lieutenant Bonval," whispered Miss Rosen to the others; but Margaret pretended to be entirely engrossed in watching the pretty little villages they were passing, nestled at the base of endlessly successive mountains, each with its dashing waterfall, its fluttering birches, and sombre evergreens.

As they neared the pier at Eide, two sunburned young men came quickly on board, and made their way towards our party.

"Look! It is Mr. Murray and Mr. McLean!" cried Margaret; and the next moment all were

shaking hands with their pleasant North Cape comrades, and exchanging accounts of adventures met with since they parted. The girls assured them that they had missed a great deal in Bergen. "The prettiest girls in Norway," Margaret informed them.

"Ah, then we have escaped a great danger!" retorted Mr. Murray; "it is far safer for us to lose our hearts to waterfalls and mountain peaks."

"But the old silver spoons and the furs!" said Ellen.

"What a mercy to our pockets!" persisted Mr. McLean, gallantly adding, "no, no, we regret nothing but your company;" and then the bell rang, and with friendliest wishes they parted once more.

"What a pity there are so many nice people in the world!" said Mr. Rosen, "we are always bidding them farewell."

But the girls would not agree to this.

"Just think," said Ellen, "we have not only enjoyed all these pleasant acquaintances at the time; but we shall have the remembrance of them as long as we live, and the sorrow of parting is soon over."

"That depends," said Mr. Rosen; but now they were entering the beautiful Sör Fiord, and though

night was falling, they lingered on deck another hour, enjoying its wild shores in the cool twilight. At ten, it was quite dark, and, finding that they should not reach Odde before three, Annie went down to see what the ladies' saloon might offer in the way of rest.

She soon came back, shaking her head. "It is crowded and stuffy and hot. We can never sleep there. I shall stay here all night."

"And so shall I," said Ellen, who, though quiet, was always ready for anything new and adventurous, especially in the evening; and very soon they had contrived a fairly comfortable couch among the bags and bundles on top of the saloon skylight, where she and Annie stretched themselves, while Margaret and Miss Rosen curled themselves on coils of rope in the stern, and all secured several hours of sleep. Now and again, the hardness of the bed would rouse them; but even when rubbing an aching arm or stretching a cramped foot, there would be a happy look at the winking stars overhead, a delicious sense of freedom in the pure air, and a sigh of content that they were still "sailing through Norway."

Ellen woke as the day dawned, and found the heavens overcast with clouds, mountains looming darkly around, ghostly streams gliding down their

sides from the snowfields, and glaciers on their summits.

She lay still, drinking in the solemn beauty of the scene, storing it in her memory for the never-forgotten friends at home, and careful not to wake Annie, who yet slept. Suddenly a turn of her head towards the west gave her the first view of something so beautiful that she barely repressed a cry of wonder and delight.

Far, far above, seen only in fragments between nearer peaks, stretched the great Folgefond glacier, which covers the tops of a remoter range, and can be seen far out at sea.

For fifty miles this great mantle of spotless snow extends, with an average width of seven miles. It covers a plateau from three to five thousand feet in height, which rises from the Hardanger Fiord on the west, the Aakre Fiord on the south, and the Sör Fiord on the east. From the latter fiord, which narrows at its upper end to but a few hundred yards, the mountain rises almost perpendicularly to its greatest height (5,420 ft.), and from its main roof-like top descend lesser glaciers, like flying buttresses, in every direction. Whether glittering in the sunlight, or coldly gleaming under the moon-beams, or as Ellen saw it now, a cold, vast wall of awful opaque white-

ness against a gray sky, it is most solemnly beautiful and impressive.

The other girls still slumbered; and Ellen, rising gently to her feet, stood gazing spell-bound, alone, hardly breathing in her rapture of surprise and admiration. It was like her solitary vigil on the North Cape, a moment never to be forgotten. At first her mind found no words; but presently the color rushed to her cheeks, her eyes filled with tears, and her lips involuntarily breathed:

"Oh, if *Sidney* could see this!" Her heart had spoken at last; and she was as much startled as if a real veil had been torn away. Instantly her hands covered her face, as if to hide her secret from the shaggy hemlocks and splintered rocks between which the boat was gliding; and it was an actual relief when the other girls awoke and broke into cries of astonished admiration.

Odde, at the southern end of Sör Fiord, was now reached, and comfortable rooms found at a small hotel. They were small but very clean, and had two beds in each.

"Oh, how good a real bed is after a coil of rope!" exclaimed Margaret, as she and Ellen were undressing very early that night; "and to take our clothes off and comb our hair respectably."

"Yes, indeed," said Ellen; "but it was worth

being cramped and stiff to have such a wakening;" and then came a recollection, stifled all day, which dyed her cheeks, and attracted Margaret, who chanced to look out from her heavy masses of hair at that moment. "I do believe you are sunburned, Nelly, in spite of the cloudy day," she said.

After the room was dark, and Margaret asleep, Ellen's thoughts would no longer be controlled, but rose in rebellion against some inner objecting voice, telling her again and again that it was Sidney first and Sidney most, for whom, in each ecstasy of enjoyment, her heart had called. In vain she strove to believe that her mother was the one she would soonest summon to her side, her brother or Amy whose sympathy she most desired; that new consciousness repulsed them all, and when, as a last resort, she cried shame on herself for an unsought preference, the traitorous whisper said, "Not so, not so! He loves you, he has always loved you!" In swift, bewildering succession words and looks came back to justify her love, to soothe her pride, to thrill her with terrifying joy and conviction. But why, why had he made no sign? Before she could decide this, she was fast asleep.

They slept late next morning, but woke at last

remorseful over lost hours amid such beauty, and, as soon as breakfast was over, started with Mr. Rosen and a guide, in two wagons, for an out-door day.

"How prosaic to drive after fiord floating!" said Annie, as they were going up a long hill.

"On that very account I have ordered a lake for the next relay," said Mr. Rosen; and, behold, as they gained the summit, a lovely sheet of water lay below, clear and green as an emerald in the cool shadow of the heights.

"How perfectly delightful!" Annie declared, with unusual animation in her dark eyes, as Mr. Rosen handed her into the boat provided, "this is even better than our beloved 'Michael Krohn.'"

"Treason! Treason!" cried Ellen and Margaret.

"Oh, you know that steam can never be as romantic as oars or sails!"

"But throw in Captain Björnstadt and the scale turns, hey?" said Mr. Rosen.

All too soon the lake was crossed; and, behold, another change, for here were ponies.

"Oh, this is best of all!" cried Margaret, as she sprang nimbly into her saddle. "How delightful to be on horseback once more!"

"And how sure-footed and wise-like they are!" said Ellen. "I am not guiding mine at all. He is taking the whole responsibility of this rocky path."

"He knows that you are a tourist, and feels a national pride in having you give your whole mind to the scenery of his beautiful land," said Mr. Rosen.

"How comfortable these cloth-covered saddles are!" said Annie; "much better than those we had at Mt. Desert, Margaret."

Their path lay close to the edge of a stream that came dashing down from the glacier, cold and gray, but bordered by the greenest of grass and the bluest of bluebells.

Ellen slipped off her pony, and gathered enough for belt bouquets for her friends, and a few for her little pocket-press; and before she remounted, spied some great spikes of deeply pink foxgloves which were even more irresistible.

"Do you remember the spray in Landseer's 'Twins'?" said Annie, as Mr. Rosen amiably filled two of his pockets with great bunches rolled in some of the dozen handkerchiefs which the girls declared he always carried for possible emergencies.

"One of my strongest foxglove associations is

with Sarah Tytler's story of 'The Bride's Pass,'" said Ellen; "but I believe they were white ones that decided the heroine's fate."

And now they were so near the glacier that even the ponies were given up, and a short rough scramble on their own feet, carried the travellers to the very throne of the ice king. Over huge rocks and earth deeply ploughed by the tremendous force of the ice, they struggled up to a little stony hillock, and stood silent before the majestic presence, looking up beyond the blueness of the nearer ice masses, over the gray of the middle distance, to the pure whiteness of the snowy tops that seemed to melt away into the mists which hung over all. But no words could really describe the wonderful color of that glacier. "No blue cavern of Capri was ever bluer than these ice grottos. Clear, transparent cobalt toward the edge, and deepest Prussian in the innermost recesses," so Ellen tried later to convey some idea of its magical beauty to her Cousin Miranda, who had taught her to sketch. At the moment words were felt to be useless; and, after a long survey, they turned and looked down the valley, past picturesque farmhouses, at whose side a mountain torrent fell in clouds of spray to the emerald green lake, beyond which

rose mountains again, in varying shades of blue. It was all wonderful. Close to the glacier were fields of barley and wild roses growing luxuriantly; but the guide now hurried them back to their ponies, who picked their way so carefully and surely down the splintered rocky path, that even Annie felt no fear, though a mishap would there have been most serious.

When they reached the village, the women were sitting about in picturesque groups in their Sunday best, — red bodices, embroidered stomachers, dark skirts, and wonderful caps.

After a short rest, they took boat again, and were rowed back to the wagons, each of which held two besides the driver, and had a most peculiar side-to-side motion which made poor Annie too sick to enjoy the scenery, though she struggled bravely not to dishearten the others. Mr. Rosen and his daughter were in the *stol-kjærre* with her; and the former, not noticing her pallor, was imparting some interesting tatistics on the subject of the advance of the Folgefond which he had collected for their benefit.

"Two hundred and fifty feet, in 1870, and no less than twelve feet in one week in 1871," he assured them.

"Wonderful! terrible!" murmured poor Annie,

LAATEFOS. (HARDANGER.)

gladly taking a strong sniff of the smelling salts which Miss Rosen offered with silent sympathy.

Margaret and Ellen meanwhile were so far ahead with the guide as to have no suspicion of her suffering, and enjoyed to the uttermost the ten-mile drive through an ever-narrowing valley, coming at last to their object, the Laatefös,— a most beautiful waterfall formed by two streams which came thundering down over the rocks in clouds of foam and spray, to unite near the road, then rush away under it through an arched bridge.

"I have no words left, have you, Ellen?" asked Margaret, when they had first been blinded by the spray, and then made dizzy by looking up the cliffs, which rise two or three thousand feet on one side of the road, the river rushing swiftly on the other, and the road-way itself cut out of the solid rock.

"Words and pencils would seem almost profane," sighed Ellen; "but, oh, let us be thankful that we *can* buy photographs of such unspeakable, unsketchable places as this!"

An inn, a little farther on, furnished them with refreshing coffee; for "such draughts upon one's powers of admiration are as exhausting as skating or tennis," as Margaret declared, and Annie's headache was much relieved thereby.

The next morning was less ecstatically spent in exploring Odde, which they found to consist of some two dozen houses and a church.

Making friends with one of the peasant women, she invited them into her best room, and showed them her store of homespun blankets and garments, carved chests, a bedstead built into the wall, and the silver ornaments she had received as a bride.

At noon they took the boat back along the lovely Sör Fiord till it rejoins the wide Hardanger Fiord. This they crossed, landing at Eide, on its northern shore, about four o'clock.

"Behold the ever-faithful!" said Mr. Rosen, as Murray and McLean stepped forward to hand the ladies ashore. Mr. Murray, as usual, was soon beside grave Annie, whose dark eyes and dignified manners had long ago made her his favorite, while his friend gayly led the others to some benches he had arranged in a neighboring hay-field, with a little refreshment of cakes and coffee, of which they cheerfully partook while waiting for the carriages to pursue their journey.

"It is just like a picture on a Watteau fan," declared Margaret, as the three gentlemen passed the cups, and then reclined upon the hay-heaps at their feet.

She was not unlike a pretty shepherdess herself, having brightened her dark gray flannel suit with bunches of wild roses; and Ellen was even prettier in blue, with a bright bordered Norwegian neckerchief as a fichu, and another twisted Havelock-wise over her hat.

All too soon the carriages were ready, and they rolled away, leaving the friendly Scots waving and calling, "Au revoir — Edinburgh," as they took the road to Vossevangen. A charming way it proved, climbing up and up among the hills, following the courses of streams, through spicy smelling woods of pine and fir, then down the other side till they gained their inn at ten, with hearty appetites for the excellent supper awaiting them.

The next morning was what Margaret called a providential letter-day; for it rained in such torrents that walking was not to be dreamed of; and pens flew fast all the forenoon. Consciences were much relieved when, at one o'clock, they started for Gudvangen, leaving their letters to the slow course of Vossevangen postal facilities.

CHAPTER XIII.

VESTRE SLIDRE.

THE last week in July found our three girls again with Mrs. Erlsen, comfortably settled in her summer retreat among the mountains at Vestre Slidre, in the Valders district.

The journey from Vossevangen was delightful; but minds and bodies were both glad to rest after many hours of incessant enjoying and admiring, "on one ecstatic tiptoes," as Margaret said.

The weather had been wonderfully clear and bright ever since the morning they left Vossevangen; then it poured for two hours, and waterproofs and umbrellas rather dimmed the glories around them; but on reaching Opheim, where they stopped for coffee, it began to clear, and only the mountain-tops were veiled.

Beyond Opheim, they came through magnificent scenery in the Nærö Valley, the descent to which is by sixteen or eighteen zigzags, with a beautiful waterfall on each side of the ravine in which they came down.

"Unceasing thunder and eternal foam." The spray and mist from one rises to the very top of the mountain. The girls walked down this part of the road eating wild strawberries.

"If it were not for these fleshly joys, I fear we should fairly soar away on the wings of æsthetic rapture," said Ellen.

First, they would stop to look at one cascade, as the road bent that way, and then at the other, as it curved again. Down in the valley, the wild waters met; and they drove beside the new stream, under the shadow of mountains some of which were five thousand feet high.

Many had domelike summits, and between them waterfalls came tumbling apparently from the sky.

The water was very clear, the stones beneath it white, the road white too, and wherever there had been a recent slide, or where spring freshets had brought down fresh stones, there were white patches. It made Ellen think of Mark Twain's account of the glare of Bermuda walks, where it gave him a refreshing sense of shade and coolness to meet a colored man and his shadow.

Reaching Gudvangen at nine in the evening, the travellers found only a few miserable huts and two or three painted houses, which were the hotels.

To their dismay, they were told that all the rooms were taken. The family, however, kindly offered to give up their own, which was gratefully accepted; but when the girls went in, their noses were assailed by such a combination of disagreeable odors, that they walked out as fast as possible, and begged permission to sleep on the parlor floor. The people nobly forgave their contempt for the rooms, and made two beds, one on the floor, where Annie and Ellen did their best to sleep, while Miss Rosen and Margaret were equally uncomfortable on a combination of a sofa with a row of chairs; and poor Mr. Rosen betook himself to some shed.

Before nightfall, they had all taken a stroll through the village, and were greatly impressed by three old women whom they saw in one little house. They were as weirdly ugly as Macbeth's witches.

They were also shown a huge rock behind the hotel which had fallen from the cliff above, some months before, and now forms a cool cave where they keep milk, etc.

"A few feet more, and where would the house have been?" said Annie.

All were abroad early next day, as you may suppose, and took another ramble with Mr.

Rosen, who looked jaded indeed. When asked as to his night's rest, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "You see me here; it is enough, let us forget the past." In the course of this walk they saw a house, or hut rather, with 1782 over the door. Within was a room not more than ten feet square, the door so low that even Ellen must have stooped to enter; but she had no such desire. The whole village was malodorous; but Annie and Ellen each made a pretty sketch, for even these turf or red roofed hovels made a charming water-color, wedged in between grand cliffs and steeps of brown rock, or soft green herbage, or exquisite shadings of violet and blue on the more distant slopes.

But no one was sorry to leave on the steamer for Lærdal; and after enjoying for a while the narrow fiord winding through very steep cliffs, fatigue overcame them, and they slept profoundly in the cabin.

One of the beautiful peaks which they saw, as they came down the zigzags of the Nærödal, was Jordalsnut, three thousand six hundred feet high, and composed of pale gray felspar.

Reaching Lærdal at four, they were shown to delightfully clean rooms, but even there suffered as usual from large and numerous fleas. Mr. and

Mrs. Erlsen were awaiting them, and "You may imagine," wrote Ellen, in her journal letter, "how homelike and delightful it was to see their bright faces beaming welcome.

"The next morning we all started together in two carriages, the ponies climbing steadily, patiently, up and up, hill after hill; clear cold rivers rushing down to meet us, so clear that we could see fish lurking in their pools. Oh, how Cousin John would have been tempted to stop!

"The valley was fertile and the grain golden; but the hills above were utterly bare and rocky. We stopped several times for lunch and dinner, and to rest the horses; and each time met an English couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Ford, who were very pleasant.

"We found silver ornaments and carved spoons for sale at each station; and I bought two of the latter, which was great moderation, as I would have liked a dozen. We saw one beautiful tankard for seventy-five dollars; and there were some very odd candlesticks, which we resisted only because it was so impossible to carry them.

"At Maristuen, we were on the Fille Fjeld; and from there to Nystuen, where we spent the night, we were really on the mountains, snow lying not

far from us, and the only trees being a silvery green mountain willow and the dwarf birch.

"Near Maristuen, we passed a sæter, and saw many cows, sheep, goats, and horses. These last two stations are established by government for the convenience of travellers, and men are paid to live there.

"At Nystuen, there were three long narrow buildings parallel to the valley, as otherwise they could not withstand the violence of the winter tempests.

"Here we had good rooms and a nice supper, principally of fish, as most meals here are, winding up with some of the goodies which Mrs. Erlsen had sent to Lærdal.

"The Fords were there too, and we had a jolly time with a due number of 'skaals.' Then we walked by the lake by the light of a full moon; the air delicious, though cold, for we are three thousand feet above the sea.

"The pigs here are very funny, with long tails curling along their backs, and their ears looking like large curled wigs. Margaret is sketching one, but having so hard a time with such a restless subject that I think I shall not attempt it.

"But to return to our journey. We started early next morning, hoping to reach Fagernæs by

eight in the evening, and there meet the Erlsens. This day's driving was all down-hill, so we made good speed and arrived at our dining-place about two. As we drove up to the station, we beheld a familiar group by the roadside, and, staring in bewildered joy, recognized Mrs. Erlsen's little maid, Henrik, and Ingeborg in her baby-carriage.

"We tumbled out of our carioles, and rushed towards them, and soon learned that they had come from Fagernæs that morning, having heard that they could be accommodated at the parsonage here; and they were already comfortably established.

"The parsonage is a large white house separated from the main road by a garden full of roses. The pastor died this summer; but his widow and six daughters consented to take boarders as usual.

"Annie is there with her sister; but Margaret and I are at the station hotel, having a large airy room, though not very clean.

"The Rosens left us to-day, hoping to meet us again in Christiania. Our windows look on a lovely lake, with wooded islands, and hills all around, those to the northwest wearing patches of snow, which remind us of the beautiful north-

land, which I at least constantly long to see again.

"The pastor's family are very pleasant, and we are with them much of the time; but we miss the Rosens sadly.

"Annie and I went to church, and were much interested. The building is of stone, white-washed within; windows only at one side and end; no ornament except the altar and a sort of choir screen separating the chancel from the body of the church. These were elaborately carved and beautifully painted. The pastor wore first a white and then a black gown, and an Elizabethan ruff. The singing was by the congregation, very slow and melancholy, led by one or two men inside the screen. The altar was very Romish looking, with a crucifix and candles lighted for a christening, which followed the sermon.

"The congregation consisted principally of peasants, the men sitting on one side, the women on the other, the latter with kerchiefs of many colors. A girl in front of me wore a cotton one printed with Kaulbach's 'Lili'; but most of the designs were flowery.

"The church walls, nearly five feet thick, made the windows look prison-like. I could understand

the Lord's Prayer, and part of the New Testament reading, but little else. The vane on the steeple bears the date 1706; and that reminds me to tell you of a wonderful old church we saw at Borgund, on our way here, which in the scroll-work of its *klock-stapel*, or belfry, has the date 1133. It is remarkably well preserved, but is not used now, services being held in a new edifice near by, the old one being the property of the Antiquarian Society of Christiania. Here again we noticed that strange impress of the East, which is constantly amazing us in this northern land. The archways over the doors are carved in scroll-work almost exactly like what we see in pictures of mosques in Cairo; the walls, as well as the roofs, are shingled; and the outside effect is like a card-house, one roof above another, many gables, and each ending in a curly prolongation, or dragon's head, decidedly Japanesque, — or is it Byzantine? There is a narrow, cloister-like walk all around outside; one door is very high and elaborately ornamented with entwining snakes, and over another is a Runic inscription. Inside, it is very dark, the windows are so few and small; but the pillars look as strong at if set up yesterday. Who built it, or why, in this remote little valley of few houses, we cannot learn. I have

OLD BORGUND CHURCH.

bought a photograph of it; for my words cannot make you understand how quaintly curious it is.

"There is one somewhat like it in Thelemarken, and there was a third which was carried to Germany. The new one at Borgund is a half imitation of the original. The bell towers are almost always separate structures, another resemblance to Southern countries."

July 27th.

This is a very pretty place, but we feel even more out of the world than we did at the North Cape; for though telegraph wires stretch over our heads, there is no telegraphic station within two days' journey; and we have but two mails a week. I fancy I hear Cousin John say, "How delightful!"

This house is shockingly dirty. Pigs, geese, and dogs running about the yard, and, alas! smaller life within; but there are pleasant people, — a Swedish baroness and two daughters, one of whom speaks English; another Swedish lady and her daughter, a pretty blonde who dresses in pink and wears conch-shell ornaments. This evening she plucked up courage to say a few words to me in English.

Then there is a Miss Nordenskjold, related to the Arctic explorer. You see we are quite à la

New England summer boarding-places, in our feminine majority. Miss Nordenskjold started this afternoon on horseback, on a queer saddle like an arm-chair, to go with a daughter of the house to a sæter, two and a half Norwegian miles from here; but as it soon began to rain, I fear her trip will be far from pleasant.

We have also two or three young men, who bow politely, but say nothing.

Yesterday the Harleys and their sister and I walked up to a sunny hillside, and lay a long time flat in the grass, watching the ever-changing lights and shadows on the opposite hill, and the lake below, which is called Strandefiord. It seems to me that I love you all better than ever, now that I am so far away.

Good-bye — do write often to your absent

ELLEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIDNEY.

AMONG the rainy day letters which our travellers left to be mailed at Vossevangen was a little package for Jessie Carruth, containing two colored photographs, — one of a pretty Bergen peasant girl in her holiday costume, and one of a married woman with her quaint head-dress.

It happened (if anything does merely happen) that Jessie opened it at the breakfast-table, and that, for a wonder, she was early enough to find Sidney still in the room.

Perhaps he had noticed a foreign stamp in the pile of mail matter beside her plate, and lingered over his newspaper on that account. If so, he preserved his patience admirably, while she tore open half-a-dozen envelopes in the intervals of coffee and chops, commenting on each, in her usual lively fashion, to her mother opposite.

"How perfectly absurd of Leila Gray to be married in August!" she cried. "Does she really think that any one in their senses is coming up

from the seashore to simmer through a noon-day wedding and reception! I shall not even send a wedding present to such an inconsiderate thing; would you, Mamma?"

"It is just possible that Ben Brown cannot take a vacation at any other time," responded Mrs. Carruth, placidly.

"And here is Marjorie Monks quite as bad," pursued Jessie, tossing down the pale-blue billet and opening a green one. "Think of her audacity in asking me to come in fancy dress to a lawn party on the tenth, for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund! When it 's all I can do to keep good-natured at home in my coolest tea-gown, and to struggle down to the beach at bathing-time."

"Perhaps Marjorie remembers that there are hundreds of girls who never had a cool tea-gown, or saw a sea-beach," said her brother, gravely.

"Oh, come, Sidney! Don't be so painfully high-minded in dog-days! Or, if you 're made so, and can't help it, just give me five dollars to send to Marjorie, and that 'll make everybody happy. Now that you 're a regular partner in papa's law firm, I know you must have more than you know what to do with, and you have n't even taken a vacation this summer."

"Why have n't you, dear boy?" asked his mother, as Jessie returned to her billets.

"It is very nice having you coming down to us every night; but we don't want to be selfish; and sometimes I fancy you look tired, and as if a change would do you good."

"I believe I *am* rather stupid," answered Sidney, with a grateful smile at his mother. "I think I shall take a leave soon."

He had not thought of it before; but all in a moment a great longing possessed him to leave clients, courts, and city cares far behind, to get away to some cool mountain height, to hear the wind rushing among pine branches, to explore primeval forests or float on some lonely lake at twilight, — ah, how good it would be! Surely thus he might for a time forget a gentle, haunting face, conquer this weary craving for that low, clear voice, and be himself once more; and yet how much sweeter it would be to enjoy those free lonely wilds with her, had that been possible; and just then Jessie's careless fingers tore open her last packet and cried out: —

"From Nelly Marlow! Look, Mamma! Look at these Bergen peasant costumes! Are n't they charming? Could anything be more opportune? I 'll go, of course. It 'll suit my style exactly;

and, with the photograph as a guide, Pauline can get it up in no time; and I 'll make Anna wear the matron's dress. I must write to Marjorie at once. I believe I can get the ten-o'clock boat if I skurry."

She fell upon her breakfast with celerity, languor and heat forgotten; while her mother smiled indulgently, quite accustomed to her volatile little daughter's changes of mood.

"They are certainly very picturesque," she said, studying the photographs which Jessie had passed over to her.

"And what is this?" asked Sidney, picking up a printed strip which had fallen to the floor.

"Oh, only some time-table thing! You 're welcome to it, Sidney. Just like Nelly to put it in. She and you are a pair on statistics!" And she fluttered out of the room, looking in a minute later to say: —

"Oh, Sidney, you can give me that five dollars all the same; I shall want it for the stuffs, you know. Leave it with the photographs, and, Mamma — be sure and give them to me the last thing before I go." She was really gone this time; and, Mrs. Carruth being called out by some household matter, Sidney was left alone to examine his treasure. Treasure it must have been,

for he raised it to his lips; yet it looked prosaic enough, a little eight-page leaflet, hardly as long as his hand, with these words on the outside: —

SUMMER TOUR
TO THE NORTH CAPE.
188—
THE
BERGEN-NORDLAND STEAMSHIP CO.'S
LINE OF STEAMERS BETWEEN
CHRISTIANIA
AND
THE NORTH CAPE
IN JUNE, JULY, AND AUGUST,

Comprising the following first-class steamers, all being excellently furnished for the accommodation of passengers.

JOHN SCHONNING,
Capt. Bentzon.

JONAS LIE,
Capt. Falch.

PRESIDENT CHRISTIE,
Capt. Lund.

MICHAEL KROHN,
Capt. Björnstadt.

BERGEN — NORWAY,
C. J. SCHONNING,
MANAGER.

BERGEN:
PRINTED BY H. J. GEELMUYDEN'S WIDOW, J. A. RING.

On the back were diagrams of the four steamers, and — yes — a little pencilled "E," on one of the state-rooms of the "Michael Krohn." It was almost as if he heard Ellen's footstep! He turned one leaf and read: —

"There are four routes from England to Norway in the excellent steamers of Messrs. Wilson & Co., first from London to Christiania, on alternate Thursdays," etc. etc. He perused the whole page with close attention, a strong purpose growing in his mind with every line. The aimless longing of months changed into bold decision faster than he read; and when, within the last fold of the circular, he came upon a little spray of bluebells pressed between two birch leaves, his brown eyes flashed with hope, then suddenly filled with tears. The next moment, the precious pages carefully placed in his pocket-book, he was running upstairs, singing under his breath: —

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> And win or lose it all."

As he passed Jessie's door, he tapped, and on her answering, "Come in," opened the door far enough to twist a five-dollar bill round the head

of a bronze Psyche on her table, and the next moment was on his way to the steamer-landing.

In the course of the day, finding himself alone in the office with his father, he inquired: —

"Would it inconvenience you, sir, if I should go away for a month or six weeks?"

"No, indeed, my boy, you have fairly earned it. Another yachting party of Pelham's?"

"No, sir, I had thought of going alone to — to Norway." Something in his voice made Mr. Carruth look up; their eyes met and held each other for an instant, one pair eloquent with earnest inquiry, the other with honest assent. Then, as a step was heard in the outer room, the father quietly said, "You could not please me more;" and there was not another word said on the subject, then or afterward. Sidney sailed three days later; but, in the mean time, he had spent an afternoon at Lotus Bay. When he left the train at the little station, he had a choice of two ways leading to Professor Willoughby's, — the shorter one, a dusty road; the other, a rambling footpath through fields, following the curve of the shore. He chose the latter, for it was full of old-time sunny memories of Ellen.

It was here, just below this wind-twisted old cedar-tree, that he first saw her, playing on the

beach with Jessie. A little farther, where the brook crosses the pebbly shore, he first spoke to her, as she was pacing along alone, singing to her doll. How clearly he could recall the half-frightened, half-pleased look on her face, and the glad surprise with which she accepted his sympathy when Cecelia Estella (the doll's name flashed back into his memory so suddenly that he almost laughed aloud) fell out of her carriage and grazed her pink waxen cheek on a stone! Harry used to laugh at that doll; but Sidney had a finer sense of the owner's feelings; and their friendship had begun when he repaired Cecelia's face from his best paint-box. Now he comes to a pile of rocks which the girls used to call the Mermaid's Grotto. Many a pretty shell and pebble had he contributed to its decoration.

Next came the bathing houses, recalling a charming picture of recent date, when he had surprised Ellen painting her own particular door Harvard crimson, and so startled her that she had fallen from the tippy saw-horse on which she stood, and spattered his cuff with her brush as he caught her. That was the day they went sailing with Nick Farr, and she had been so firm in telling him it was his duty to go abroad with his father. What a resolute little creature she

was, with all her gentleness! How she had rebuked him once! — that was on the Potomac, coming up from Mt. Vernon, and he had spoken slightingly of Jessie. Should he ever forget the two bright tears that rolled down and were lost in her muff when she thought he was angry? but she stood her ground all the same. In the thrill of this memory he walked very fast, and soon came to the house, where Mrs. Marlow was embroidering in the porch. She greeted him cordially, and would have called Mrs. Willoughby, who was sketching not far away; but Sidney said, "Please don't — I really came to see you;" and as he sat down on the step below her, he added, "I came to say good-bye, and to ask your good wishes; for I am going to Europe Saturday." She looked up with friendly interest, and something in his eyes held hers as he went on: "To Norway — to see Ellen." Then the bright color flew to her cheeks, her eyes fell, and her lips trembled; but she looked so much like her daughter that Sidney went on: "I have loved her all my life, I think; but lately I have learned that I cannot be happy without her. May I tell her so?" For a few moments, Mrs. Marlow remained silent, visibly agitated; and Sidney was shocked at his own abruptness. He

had meant to lead up to his errand gradually; but his beach reminiscences had filled his whole mind, and out of the fulness of his heart he had spoken. At last she looked up and faltered, "Yes, Sidney, you have my full consent. There is no one I love and trust more; but I do not know her feelings, and, oh! she seems still my little girl; I had not thought anything like this would come so soon." Her tears flowed freely, and Sidney began to feel like a robber.

"It is true, Mrs. Marlow," he stammered. "She is but a child in all innocence and sweetness; but I did not dare to wait. Think of all these fellows she is travelling with now! I cannot bear it, you see; I must tell her how I feel at least, and — and — you do not know that any one else — " he broke off half ashamed; but she understood and answered clearly, "No, Sidney, I am sure of that." Then Mrs. Willoughby came up, and the rest of the visit was unimportant.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SÆTER.

Ellen's Journal.

VESTRE SLIDRE, July 28, 188–.

WE have just come in from a walk in fields full of flowers: bluebells, daisies, grass of Parnassus, and a dark-red strawberry-like flower. Then we would come to great patches of juniper, along the edges of which grew delicious wild strawberries. Annie made a good sketch of some dark-red clover-blossoms, which are very rich in color here. I read Norwegian an hour or two every day, and analyze and press a few flowers; and then I spend the rest of the day rambling about the roads and fields, steeping myself, as it were, in the lovely scenery, but longing more and more to see again the snowclad mountains of the far north, under the bewitching light of the midnight sun. The girls say I am under a spell; and indeed my fancy does go back to those wildly beautiful places whenever I am quiet and alone.

Mother would delight in the horses here, they are so gentle and fond of being petted, though they will not accept the sugar we offer them.

July 31st.

Still at Olken, but in a few days we go back to Christiania. We have had several rainy days, which we spent in writing and reading and trying to sketch wild flowers. One fair day we made a sæter tour. A sæter is a pasture away up on the mountains, where all the cattle are sent for the summer, it being easier to send them to the grass than to bring the hay down to them, besides which these high pastures are too stony and marshy to be easily mown. Annie remembers reading about them in Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord;" and I must get it for mother. The parsonage family here have a sæter, a Norwegian mile from here (about seven English miles), on a mountain called Syndin Fjeld, from which there is a beautiful view; and I was invited to go up there for the day with their boarders. The Harleys did not care to go, so I found myself in an entirely Norwegian party. I was rather scared, but sure that it would be all the more new and interesting. We started at half-past seven, seven ladies and three

gentlemen and three horses, one horse with well-filled panniers, the others with side-saddles to be shared between four of us. Of course my great trouble was the language; but I plunged boldly into conversation, and talked a shocking mixture of Norwegian, German, and English. It really would have turned Cousin John gray.

I managed to make myself understood, and I guessed at their replies. One lady spoke German, and several knew a little English, but it was all very funny.

After a short walk on the high road, we were ferried across the lake, and the ascent began. We had clouds at first; but they soon parted, and we had beautiful sun and shadow on the surrounding hills, as we went higher and higher and could look up and down the valley in which is Vestre Slidre, and over its enclosing heights to ranges upon ranges of mountains beyond. The way was very steep; but we went slowly, taking turns on the horses.

First, we went through cultivated fields, then through fir woods, then out upon open moors, where the only trees were dwarf birches and a kind of willow which grows flat upon the ground, and is imbedded in moss and juniper.

About noon we reached the sæter. There

were several log buildings, — one for the sæter girls, the others for the animals. I went into the former, where several of the party were already eating and drinking.

A wooden porringer filled with rich milk was instantly offered me, and passed from one to the other all around.

Then we sat at a table, in the centre of which was a shallow, wooden tub filled with sour milk called *tyk melk*. A wooden spoon was given me; and we all dipped in, skimming off the cream. It was not at all bad, but a few spoonsful satisfied me. We also had *flad-brod* and *musost* with nice butter.

After appeasing my appetite I looked around. We were sitting in one corner of a small room that took up nearly the whole house. In another corner were two beds built into the wall, one above the other, like berths, only wider.

In a third corner was the fireplace. Two sides of the house were of stone for about four feet, and the floor was of flat stones upon which the fire was built. From above, hung a crane and pot-hooks; on one of the latter hung a pot in which our coffee was boiling. There were two windows, each with four small panes of glass, and two doors, — one by which we had entered,

and the other leading into a small room where the milk and cheeses are kept. There were rows of tubs of all sizes, containing milk in all stages of sourness and sweetness. After drinking our coffee, we started to climb to the top of the fjeld, for the sæter house stood in a depression beside a lake.

Alas! the clouds had come down and entirely hidden the distant mountains and even the nearer hills. We persisted in going to the top, however, and sat there under our umbrellas, eating chocolate and gazing at the dreary wastes of moorland and the ponds which filled every hollow.

Herr Musnau, who has a beautiful voice, sang for us, and we tried to be cheerful. Then we went back to the house and watched the making of *flöde-gröd*, or cream porridge, which Norwegians consider a great delicacy. I should call it flour gruel made with cream instead of water.

The milk was boiling away on the fire, stirred with a stick ending in five strongly reflexed points, like the anchor, called *killick*. Then the flour was scattered in by one damsel, while another twirled the stick rapidly between her hands. After it had boiled a long time, and the fatty part had been skimmed off and pressed out

as it separated from the rest, we ate it with cream and sugar. It was not bad; but I could not be as enthusiastic as the elder Miss Winsnæs, who went into ecstasies over it. Then we had more coffee, and more singing and talking and laughing. We also fed some of the goats, and a cunning little kid that climbed over the gate into the barn and came running to us to be petted and fed.

All this time the rain poured down. At six we started on our homeward way, despairing of clear weather. Nothing could have been wetter than the grass and bushes through which we walked, except the brooks through which we waded.

It was well that some of the party knew the way, for the first part lay across moors crossed by many paths, and we might easily have gone astray. When we reached the beaten track, two of the ladies and I walked on very fast to keep warm, and as the road was wholly downhill we got over the ground swiftly, though slippery rocks often obliged us to be careful. Such dripping creatures as we were when at nine we reached the parsonage! My boots seemed to be made of paper; and my stockings, which started gray, were a mixture of black, green, and brown.

However, I am none the worse to-day, and my clothes came out better than I had dared to hope. Although it was a pity to have missed the view, which they say is exceedingly fine, I had a great deal of fun and enjoyment on the trip.

That little cup mother gave me was much admired, and proved very useful. It was used for water at the spring, for coffee at the sæter, and for cognac on the homeward wade, just a thimbleful.

We are to stay here another week, and I hope to make a few sketches. Some of our experiences here are very funny. I have had a very shallow wash-basin, which I sportively called the soup-plate. Yesterday it had gone, and a very deep bowl replaced it. Margaret laughed and said, "You have the tureen instead of the plate, that is all." At dessert I nudged her and signed to her to look at the pie dish.

We had seen it before.

Wednesday, we all received letters and papers, — a jubilee, indeed, — and probably the last we shall have before we return to Birkengaard.

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO CHRISTIANIA.

Ellen's Journal.

BIRKENGAARD, August.

WE are safely here once more. Our last week at Vestre Slidre was too showery for long expeditions; but it was beautiful to see the rain-clouds as they came slowly marching upon us, while the sun was still shining. One afternoon we had coffee at the Manse Prastegaard, and then walked with the party there to a fir-crowned cliff that rises on the shore of the lake. After sitting sketching and talking awhile in this lovely place, we returned to the parsonage, and were shown a most beautiful christening robe which was nearly two hundred years old. It was of silver brocade, lined with rose-colored satin, and trimmed with heavy silver fringe. There were also a brocaded silver-fringed cap, pink swathing band, pillow-case, and satin bib, all richly laden with silver fringe. I hoped that

the poor baby did not have to wear them very often. Another afternoon we drove — Mrs. Erlsen in a cariole and we girls in a rickety old cart — to the farm of a rich peasant, the richest in the district.

As we approached, we were disappointed by finding the same tokens of shiftlessness and dirt which characterize all the farms of the region. Pigs by the dozen were rooting around in the courtyard, and the woman kept us at the door while she swept the living-room. Finally, we were invited in, and after a few flattering words from Mrs. Erlsen, we were shown a few pieces of old silver, two fine drinking-cups, and some ornaments. Then we were treated to gooseberry wine, cake, and preserves. The latter were served in true Norwegian peasant style, being accompanied by a tumbler of water, in which stood many spoons. Each guest was expected to take a spoon, dip into the preserve-dish, and then wash it in the tumbler. To my regret, none of the party approved of this custom, but used their cakes as preserve-plates, so I followed their example.

We went upstairs and admired the huge logs of which the house was built, and saw some nice cloth in the loom, but on the whole were

disappointed. There were no signs of great wealth or unusual comfort.

The day before we left, we sketched in the morning, dined at the parsonage, and went with the whole party to an island in the lake, where coffee was made and served with little cakes, which were very nice, though made at Whitsuntide. The island was delightful, carpeted with beautiful moss and covered with a growth of fir and pine.

After coffee, three or four of us were rowed to a tiny island which they call Iceland. It was not more than fifteen feet by eight, but had two or three little fir-trees, a few birches and alders, and a huge ant-hill upon it. The ants swarmed over us, driving us to the rocky edge. On the lake shore opposite our boarding-place the hills are high and precipitous; and as we were looking at their steep cliffs, one of the gentlemen told us a tale of the olden time. In the days of St. Olaf, there were many fierce quarrels between the King of Valders and the King of the valley to the westward. Once the King of Valders was overpowered and retreated to his valley. His enemy came in pursuit with his horsemen, led through the woods and over the hills by a peasant guide carrying a lantern.

As they approached the cliffs, the guide suddenly extinguished his light, and telling them that the path led straight on, abandoned them to their fate.

On they rode, and horses and riders plunged over the cliffs and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below, where to this day horse-shoes and bits of harness are to be found.

Another grewsome tale of these heights relates that a murderer of one of the kings was rolled over them in a barrel filled with spikes.

The morning after this island picnic, we began our journey home to Christiania, following for hours a fiord sometimes narrowing to rapids, then widening into a lake dotted with islands. The farther south and east we went, the neater and more fertile grew the farms. We were in a comfortable carriage, with a fat and jolly coachman, who asked numberless questions about America and our travels; but he was very careful of his horses, and drove so slowly that it seemed as if we should never reach our journey's end. Most of the day we were gradually ascending until the figures, cut at intervals in the rocks at the roadsides, told us that we were twenty-three hundred and forty feet above sea level. I wish this could be adopted at home;

among the White Mountains, for instance, how it would add to the interest and information of travellers.

From this height we looked down into fertile valleys, and on to the tops of seas of firs and pines. The distant mountains were hazy, and only a gleaming spot, almost in the clouds, told us where the sun shone on the snow of the Jotunfjeldene. We passed a sæter where six ladies are spending the summer. They had trimmed their house with birch-trees and flags, and were sitting cosily in their porch, reading and working as we drove by.

Our driver said he had seen them starting off with their fishing rods, or, with big aprons on, doing their housework.

At last, about ten o'clock, we reached Odnæs, the end of our long day's journey. We were tired and hungry, I assure you, glad to eat supper and hasten to our beds. At half-past eight next morning we were off again on a little steamer that plies up and down the lake, called "Randsfjord," connecting with a railway station at its southern end. We made ourselves comfortable with our rugs on a pile of ropes at the stern, and watched the shores with their many large farms. The hills were now much lower,

the valleys broader, and everything had a more civilized look. We had dinner on the boat; and there ate our first raspberries, with rich cream. Since our return we have revelled in abundance of gooseberries, raspberries, and currants. All over Norway fruits and jellies are served in large soup-plates, and you are expected to take as much cream as you like to fill them, a privilege we are not slow in improving. At the railroad station great red gooseberries were for sale, and farther on were strawberries, showing us that we had returned to a land of plenty. After two weeks of *karvaringer* and *musost* (rusks and goat's-milk cheese), a little variety was welcome.

From three till ten we steamed along in the railway train, and then we reached Christiania, which seemed delightfully homelike, especially when we saw Mr. Erlsen and Henrik awaiting us. It was good to get back; but very strange to find it so dark, the days have grown so much shorter since we left. The night before at Odnæs, we had had our first experience of arriving anywhere when it was too dark to see what it looked like.

Sleipner took us out to Birkengaard at his accustomed speed, and we found precious letters and a nice supper awaiting us.

Yesterday, we were very lazy, sitting out on the *Altan* most of the morning, relating our adventures and reading accumulated newspapers. At noon we went down to the fiord and took a sea-bath in the bathing-house, finding it so delightful that we mean to take one every day. We had *tyk melk* for breakfast, — a dish of bonny-clabber, over which crumbs and sugar are sprinkled, and we skim off the creamy top. The eggs here are twice the size of those we have had on our journeyings, looking fairly gigantic, like duck's eggs. The raspberries are enormous too; and as melons, peas, and beans are now in season, we find the table a great contrast to the meagre fare of our mountain abode. The weather too is so different, so much warmer, that we are wearing our thinnest clothing, and have to sit on the north side of the house. Now I must stop writing, for we are to drive into town to meet the steamer, as Mr. Erlsen is expecting his sister, who has been visiting in England for several months. He has told us so much about "dear Bertha" that we are almost as eager as he, especially as her photographs represent a very winning girl. Moreover, there will probably be letters from home, and though I have just had two, I am still greedy for more.

CHAPTER XVII.

HALCYON DAYS.

WARM-HEARTED Hermann Erlsen was so impatient to welcome his sister and to introduce her to the other girls, that he hurried them off far earlier than was needful, and drove at a pace that made Ellen and Margaret look at each other in astonishment, while they exchanged whispers of congratulation that the more timid Annie had decided to remain at home to help Mrs. Erlsen arrange flowers in every room, dress the porch with flags, and prepare a specially tempting luncheon for the beloved Bertha.

When they reached the wharf, and learned that the steamer could not be in for an hour, he looked first indignant, then blank, and finally radiant with a new plan.

"You have never seen our fish-market! It is there we go; it is quite near and most amusing." The girls willingly agreed, and the panting horses were left to cool, while they all walked to a square by the water-side, where the fisher-

women were coming up the fiord in their boats, fastening them in rows to the wharf, spreading out their wares, and calling loudly on the passers-by. There were great tubs of water with flounders still alive, broad trays of silvery herring; salmon, cod, and whiting were also recognized; but many other kinds were new and strange. The fresh breeze, the eager, sunburned women, the odd dresses and the foreign tongue, were so interesting to Ellen that she would gladly have spent the whole hour there; but impatient Hermann now remembered some friends at the Britannia hotel, on whom they would just have time to call, and Margaret much preferring this prospect, away they went.

The Carlens were found breakfasting on a flowery piazza overlooking an inner courtyard full of plants, and their old acquaintance, Lieutenant Bonval, was there too.

"Now is not this far better than that fishy-smelling market?" whispered Margaret, in the confusion of welcomes and re-arranging of chairs.

Half an hour passed very cheerfully, and then they returned to the wharf, accompanied by the gallant lieutenant. The steamer had come. Mr. Erlsen darted on in advance, waving his hat; a fluttering handkerchief answered from the

deck. In an instant he was lost in the crowd. The lieutenant and Margaret had lingered on the pier, and Ellen was left alone.

Only for a moment, while her sympathizing eyes were searching for the brother and sister in the throng before her, and her mind was going back to her own arrival here not two months ago, she felt a gentle touch on her arm, heard a strangely familiar voice saying, "Ellen! Ellen!" and looked straight up into Sidney's face.

Ordinarily it was a quiet face, strong, sincere, intelligent, but reserved, not apt to betray the owner's emotions.

Now, however, it was fairly beaming, radiant with joy, with tenderness. His eyes were so full of love that Ellen, meeting them, and irresistibly held by their power, felt as if he had actually kissed her. Blushing, trembling, unconsciously reflecting joy for joy and love for love, she could not look away.

Her sweet shy face bloomed into glad response beneath that gaze, as a water lily opens to the sun.

She did not know that he was holding both her hands in his; she forgot the surging crowd, the noisy teams around them. She only knew

that the dearest friend of her life was with her, and claiming her for his own, though not one word had been spoken but that low-breathed "Ellen! Ellen!" This rapturous moment was suddenly clouded by fear.

"Oh, Sidney! There is no bad news, is there?" she cried, her face growng white with a sharp pang of self-reproach and anxiety. She faltered visibly; and in an instant his arm was around her, and he held her closely while he whispered: —

"No, no, no, my darling! Everybody is well. I only came because I could not live without you any longer. Your mother gave me leave, Ellen. May I stay, dear?"

Back came the rosy red to her cheeks, the shy gladness to her eyes; but she slipped from his clasping arms just in time, for now Hermann and his pretty sister made their way through the chattering crowd, and Margaret and the lieutenant appeared on the other side. Mutual introductions and congratulations now made a pleasant confusion, which was most welcome as a shield to our Ellen in the bewilderment of her new happiness.

Hermann began by insisting that Sidney should go with the rest at once to Birkengaard,

but this being declined, made him promise to come to tea and spend a long evening, an invitation satisfactorily though silently indorsed by Ellen. She was really glad to look forward to a brief interval in which to question and compose her throbbing heart.

On the homeward drive she left the conversation almost wholly to the others; but Hermann and Bertha were so bubbling over with pleasure, and Margaret so well able to share it all, that Ellen's silence was unnoticed; her happy, cordial face was enough.

The four girls had time for a sea-bath before dinner, and spent the afternoon with the Erlsens in the linden alley and fruit garden, exchanging their summer adventures and experiences. Two New York ladies drove out and made a long call, one of them amazing our girls by remarking that she "soon tired of scenery, and liked to come back to cities and shops." Ellen slipped away after this, and had a quiet hour alone, sitting in her balcony; but it is to be feared that even her beloved blue fiord and softly waving woods were for once unnoticed by her dreamy eyes. Her inner vision was fixed upon the yellow, sandy beaches of Cape Cod, the solemn forests of Lake Placid, the sunny parks and

marble corridors of Washington, the winding river and leafy gardens of Cambridge, in all of which Sidney the boy and Sidney the man had been her ever-congenial, ever-thoughtful, and, as she now perceived, the ever-loved and preferred companion. Once she started up and took her portfolio and tried to write to her mother, but ended by destroying her attempts. One said too much, the next too little, and she said to herself, "To-morrow will be better," and then gave her whole thought to choosing and donning her very prettiest dress for tea.

The evening was one of unmixed happiness. She was very proud of her lover. His manner, his words, so shielded and calmed her that she soon lost the agitating sense of the newness of their relations, and ceased wondering how and when the others must know. After leaving the table, he stood aside with her by a window, and gently asked her permission to tell Mrs. Erlsen that they were, by her mother's approval, engaged.

"For we are, are we not, darling?" he added, leading her out upon the shaded piazza; "and we ought to tell her, as your present chaperone, ought we not?"

Ellen's reply was not very audible; so he

made assurance doubly sure by taking her blushing face between his hands and giving her his first kiss. Then he left her among the vines, and had a quiet talk with Mrs. Erlsen, after which he carried off his beloved, without apology, for a long happy ramble in the garden and woods. She went directly to her own room when he left; and there the Harleys found her, and hugged her to their hearts' content, declaring that they had always known, since the old Adirondack days, that Sidney loved the ground she walked on.

The next day, leaving Bertha to unpack, Hermann drove the other three girls into Christiania to pay a promised visit to their beloved "Michael Krohn." It is needless to state that Mr. Carruth met and accompanied them. They found a great wash going on, — blankets flapped in the noontide breeze, and the decks were undergoing a thorough scrubbing. Annie and Margaret felt sorry to have Sidney see it under such unromantic conditions; but everything was right to him that day, and he felt the deepest interest in being shown Ellen's state-room and all her favorite nooks on deck. It was a blow, however, to learn that Captain Björnstadt was not on board; but they consoled themselves by leaving

an invitation for him to take tea at Birkengaard the next day, to meet Sidney and Bertha.

Then they turned reluctantly away, but had gone but a few steps, when a familiar figure, with evident "sea-legs," hove in sight, and bore down upon the party. A great bowing and handshaking ensued. After receiving the captain's promise to come the next day, they did a little shopping (including a certain ring) and returned to Birkengaard.

The afternoon was spent in the garden, looking for the coolest spot, Margaret said; and Ellen seemed to find it finally in her room, where she succeeded in writing to her mother and to Amy. Sidney had promised to tell their news to his family, and Ellen had a happy assurance that they would all be pleased.

Both Sidney and Captain Björnstadt came to tea the next day, the latter bringing each of the girls a picture of the "Michael Krohn" at anchor in Bergen harbor, and to Ellen, his favorite, the American flag, made in their honor on the Fourth of July. It smelled rather fishy, and was not exactly clean; but she was much gratified, and accepted it as a precious souvenir.

The weather continued extremely warm, and the morning sea-baths were greatly enjoyed by

all, in spite of the numerous crabs, which were often too attentive.

One morning was devoted to the National Gallery, with Sidney as escort. They were most interested in Libermann's pictures of peasant life, and Arbo's mythological subjects, one representing Asgaard's hosts, with the Valkyries bearing the slain to Valhalla, and the rushing multitude between heaven and earth, the moon below them, lurid clouds behind, and Thor, with uplifted hammer, towering over all.

One lovely afternoon Sidney went with them to their favorite island, Hovedø. Mr. Erlsen borrowed Ellen's flag, and hoisted it at the stern of the boat. They rowed first to the "Michael Krohn," hoping to take the captain with them; but he was not on board, so greetings were left for him, and they steered for the island. While the others arranged their picnic supper, Ellen took Sidney to the highest point, where they had a most beautiful view of the city, its towers and spires rising against a background of hills on one hand, while on the other, the fiord, with its green islands and flitting sails, was more lovely still.

"This whole summer has seemed like a dream," said Ellen, after they had stood a long time in

silent enjoyment. "I have been fearing all the time that I should wake up and find it so; and now this is most wonderful, most unreal of all, — that we should both be here; that I should be showing you Norway, just as you used to show me Washington, and everybody so kind; and I so much, so much — " she stopped, her voice ending in a little sob.

"Go on, dear," he pleaded. "Let me hear you say it; you have only let me guess it before, you know."

"So much happier than I have ever been before," she whispered; and presently they went down to a pretty feast of fruits and cakes, after which the ruins were explored by the whole party, and then came the tranquil rowing home, while the sunset glow was fading, mists softening the details of the city, the spires blue and purple against a yellow and rose-colored sky.

The days were now so much shorter, that for the first time they saw the streets lighted as they drove out to Birkengaard, and had lamps on the eight-o'clock supper-table. The days went by all too swiftly, for it had been decided that the three girls should sail for Leith with Sidney, the first week in September, in the Copenhagen steamer, and thence travel through

Scotland and the English Lake Country to Liverpool.

The morning after their island picnic, Ellen and Annie walked into town with Mr. Erlsen, and meeting Sidney took him to the Christiania Botanic Gardens, beautifully situated on a south-west slope towards the fiord, ot which and the old town, there were lovely glimpses through graceful trees. Mr. Erlsen spoke to Professor Schribehr, the resident professor, and he joined them in his garden attire, pruning scissors and knife hanging to his belt. In one hot-house they saw begonias only, and of one species, but a wonderful variety of shape and color. Another contained the most beautiful colored leaves they had ever seen; but most interesting of all was a room so hot that Annie could not remain in it.

It was in one sense a royal palace, or rather the prison of an exiled queen, the Victoria Regia. Her broad green shield rested on the surface of the water, and in the middle was a brownish, hairy thing which they were told would within a day or two burst into beauty and reveal her face.

Brilliant leaved plants from the tropics, that should remind the imprisoned queen when she awoke of her far-off African home, were grouped

around her. The ladies of her court were blue and pink and white water-lilies. In the west room were magnificent Gloxinias.

"Oh, how Cousin Miranda would enjoy this!" cried Ellen. "I feel as if I had more than my share. I must write to her this afternoon."

Here Professor Schribehr came up and presented her with a pretty branch of birch, with deeply cut leaves. Ellen's face was so full of happy, genuine enjoyment that every one near her felt cheered and attracted; and Sidney, as he watched her, felt more and more astonished at his own good fortune in having won her love. Every evening he appeared at Birkengaard, where he was already a favorite with the whole family, and every forenoon was spent in exploring the city or suburbs with his beloved, — halcyon days indeed for both. He took great credit to himself for leaving her to her friends and herself in the afternoons; and it was in one of these that she wrote the following letter, her last from sunny Birkengaard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST LETTER.

BIRKENGAARD, August, 188–.

DEAR COUSIN MIRANDA, — We are so busy showing Sidney all we can of our dear Norwegian haunts, that it is hard to write even a short letter. Sunday afternoon, we sat in the linden walk and read Longfellow's version of the "Saga of King Olaf." It is doubly interesting now that I know more about these times. Monday, we rowed to Lagersöen, where Oscar's Hall, the king's hunting lodge, is situated. We were shown the dining-hall furnished in oak, and with large frescos on the walls representing Norwegian scenery, and as a sort of frieze, medallions by Lidermann of peasant life, very beautiful.

We strolled through the woods, went up on the roof, read Scott on the veranda, and rowed back to Birkengaard in time for dinner.

Wednesday.

Yesterday, we took Sidney to see the Viking ship at the Museum, and Professor Rugg opened many of the cases, and let us handle the golden ornaments. They were so heavy that I had no desire to wear them. To-day, we did shopping, and bought photographs, and had our photographs taken. I am so plump and brown you will hardly know me.

Friday.

Yesterday, the Harleys and Erlsens, Sidney and I started for a tour in Ringerike. We took a little steamer from Christiania to Sandviken. The boat went in and out among the islands, stopping here and there. From Sandviken, we drove to Sundvolden, over the beautiful road along the Thyrifiord, which I described in my letter about Hönefos. We took a cariole for Annie and Margaret (Margaret on behind where the *skydsgut*, or driver, usually sits), and Sidney and I had one *byerre*, and Mr. and Mrs. Erlsen another.

A cariole always reminds me of the end of a canoe on wheels, and you sit as in a canoe, with your feet straight out before you. We changed once or twice before we reached Humledal; and

from there we rode in a char-à-banc, which, though less novel, is more comfortable and sociable. We had two nice little horses, and they trotted swiftly and smoothly along, the views of lake and distant mountains most beautiful.

["Oh, can't you see that child's sweet, happy face?" cried her mother, wiping away her tears of pleasure, when Mrs. Willoughby read this aloud at the breakfast-table.

"Indeed I can," answered Cousin John. "It 's as good as the 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' and the dear little maiden deserves it all."

"And Sidney, too," said Miranda. "Can't you imagine his honest brown eyes first drinking in his little sweetheart and then the landscape? What a comfort it is not to have it a stranger coming into the family, but one of our own boys whom we know all about!"

Then she resumed: —]

We pointed out everything to Sidney with the pride of old residents, but missed the snow crowns on the peaks which were there in June.

We reached Sundvolden about eight, and after supper walked for awhile on the shores of the fjord (it seems more Norwegian to spell it so) and across a little bridge, the full moon shining

brightly on the water, and a large bonfire was flashing and glowing on a distant island. The air was cool and clear. We girls had a large room with three beds curtained with white and looking very clean and comfortable; but, alas! "things are not what they seem." Next morning we were up early and off for a climb up the mountain called Krog Kleven, which was near by.

["Now what a convenient word *we* is," interposed Cousin John, demurely. "It may mean six or it may mean two."]

The road was very pretty, with firs and rocks, and steep cliffs overgrown with moss and ferns, deep ravines, in whose cool depths we heard waters gurgling, and at the top a view which well repaid us. In the afternoon we started on our return journey with a driver who fell asleep and almost smashed us against another wagon, whose driver was asleep too. At Humledal, we had again the nice horses of the day before, and reached Sandviken so quickly that we had an hour before the boat left, which we spent in a pine grove reading Whittier aloud.

["Mr. Erlsen, of course," murmured the professor.

"Hush, John," said his wife, and read on.]

Sunday.

We went to church this morning, and in the afternoon sat in a fir grove; and Sidney read us one of Mr. Brooks's sermons, and I could almost believe myself in Appleton Chapel, his words are so suggestive of his looks and manner. While sitting there, we heard a great commotion in the bird world, and down came a dead dove, evidently killed by a hawk. The hawk came swooping down several times to recover his prey; but we carried it home, and the children buried it with much solemnity.

In the evening Mr. Arbo came, and we planned an excursion to Birkengaard sæter, which we carried out next day. Sidney and Mr. Arbo came out to a nine o'clock breakfast, and started with us on the walk. In the early morning it had been so misty that all the hills were hidden; but one after another lost its veil, and when we left home the sun was shining brightly, and only a soft haziness lay over the distance. We soon turned from the dusty road into a fascinating little foot-path which followed the windings of a brook. The ground was green with moss and ferns, except where the path made a ribbon of rich brown.

Above us rose tall, slender firs against a deep blue sky. The brook danced at our side, now dark in shadow, now golden in sunshine. We walked slowly, stopping often to enjoy the beauty of the day. Mr. Arbo busied himself with his sketch-book when we halted, and Sidney read aloud from Burns. At the sæter house, we had luncheon, and then encamped in the woods near by.

Annie had brought needle and thread, and devoted herself to mending her sun-umbrella, while Mr. Arbo sketched her. Margaret and I reclined in sleepy but graceful attitudes, and were sketched also. When finished, the two were inscribed "Penniless Daughter of Toil" and "Luxurious Children of Ease." Mrs. Erlsen and Sidney did not keep still long enough to be added. When it was cooler, we all went to a higher part of the hill, where there is a tower, from which we counted seven ranges of hills, one behind another. We reached home about eight, after a most happy day.

Tuesday, we went into town for final shopping. Sidney has bought exquisite gifts for his mother and sisters, and been very extravagant for me, in spite of all my scolding. I do not dare to

show a liking for anything. We all dined at the Rosens, a thoroughly Norwegian meal. First, sausages served in a dish with cauliflower and drawn butter, and surrounded by a wreath of ham; second, boiled flounder; third, chicken and mushrooms; fourth, game; fifth, ice-cream; sixth, apricots, apples, gooseberries, and wine. After dinner we wandered about the garden, picking flowers, eating cherries, and drinking coffee. In the evening Miss Hegerdahl played, and her mother sang some very quaint and amusing Greenland songs. Then came supper; and soon after we took our leave. To-morrow, we go to Mr. Arbo's studio, and then by steamer to Sandviken, and thence to Tanum Church for a lovely view and a picnic. The next day, we pack; and Friday, we leave dear, beautiful Norway in the "Angelo." This is my last letter from Birkengaard. Our summer has been delightful from beginning to end.

You will be glad to see how well Annie and Margaret are.

We agree that we have enjoyed far, far more than we anticipated; and we should be quite heart-broken in leaving the Erlsens, if they had not promised to come to America next summer.

It is hard enough to leave this dear Norway; but I must some time come again and bring you all.

Sidney sends love to everybody, and so does

ELLEN.

THE END.

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